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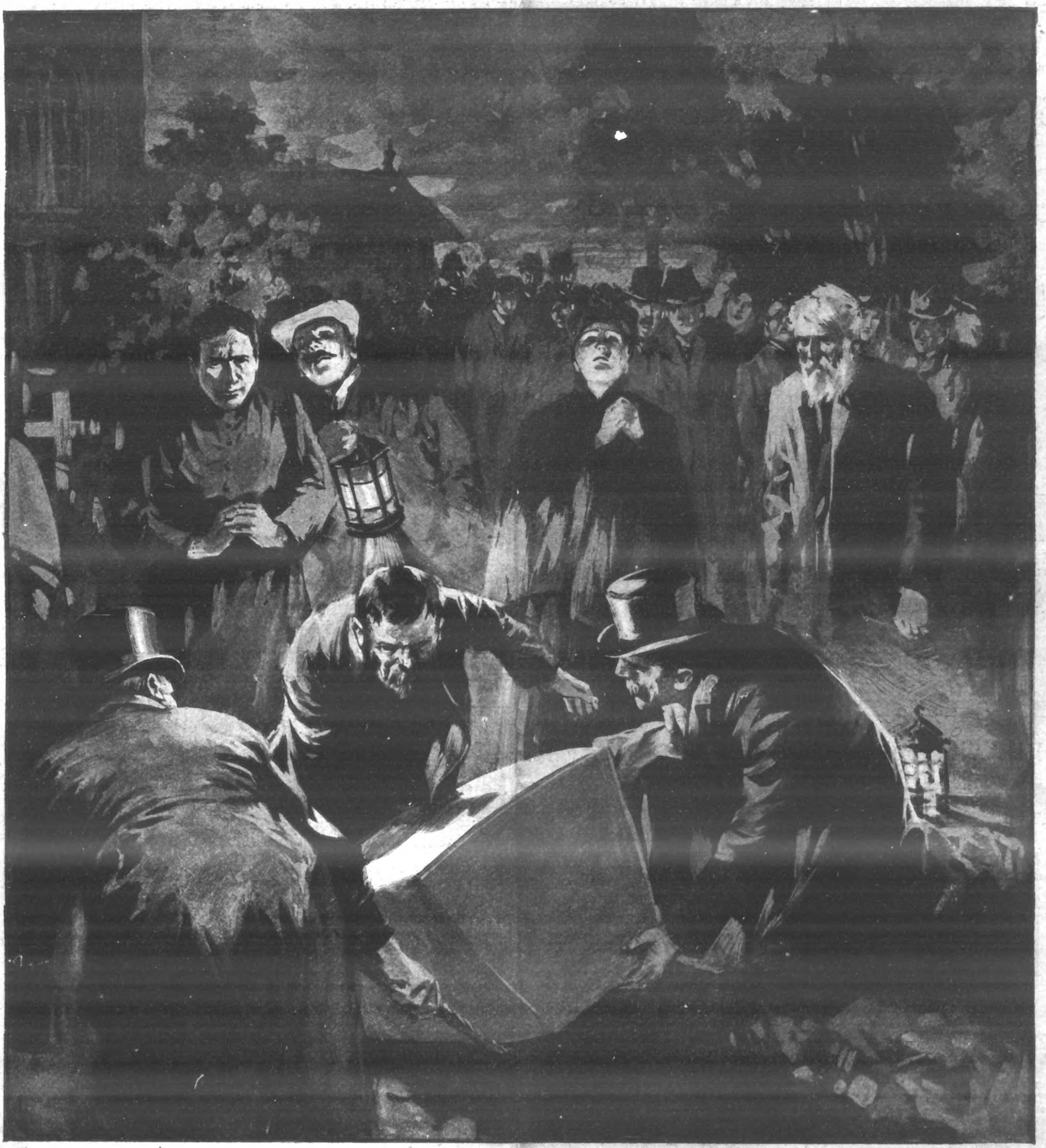

AT DEAD OF NIGHT—WEIRD BURIAL SCENE AT BEACONSFIELD.

A strange scene was witnessed in Beaconsfield Churchyard at the burial of a man who attacked the wife of his employer and afterwards committed suicide. After the verdict of Suicide, the coroner gave the churchwardens a burial order, but according to law it was necessary for the interment to take place between 9 p.m. and midnight. The hour of interment was kept secret, but a large crowd gathered. The coffin was wheeled to the extreme corner of the graveyard. It was a very dark night, and with the flickering lights of the lanterns the scene was sombre and weird. The curate stood at the open grave in black cassock. In dead silence the coffin was lowered, when suddenly the suicide's sister, in a voice broken with emotion, exclaimed: "May God have mercy on his soul—more mercy than he has had from men!" The cry of the dead man's sister seemed to accentuate the feelings of those present, and a well-dressed stranger by the graveside turned to the curate and said, "Are you a priest of the Church?" "I am." "Have any prayers been said?" "None," came the reply of the curate. "And you are one of the priests of the Church to which I belong?" "By what right do you ask these questions?" "By the threefold right of an Englishman, a professing Christian, and a member of the Church of England," was the stranger's reply. In a calm voice the curate said, "The laws of England have been kept to-night, whatever you may say." "Then God help the laws of England!" rejoined the stranger, who was then lost sight of.

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FWS

THE LAST FEW DAYS: Notes on News of the Week.

OUR SEASIDE NUMBER.

This issue of the *Penny Illustrated Paper* may fairly claim the title of "special seaside number." It is full of exceptionally interesting topical photographs of holiday sports and pastimes in every part of the British Isles.

On this page there is a particularly clear snap-shot of the Broadstairs lifeboat and her crew, whilst facing it is a unique series of unconventional pictures of celebrities on their holidays, a set of pictures of competitors in the recent angling competition which caused so much interest and excitement at Southend, and other holiday, but not seaside, pictures, showing the Lord Mayor being initiated into the curious rites of the Druids at Carnarvon Castle.

On turning over the page you will find three interesting features from Broadstairs and Yarmouth, and a set of special photographs of the Cambridge and Harvard crews practising for the great race which takes place at Putney to-morrow week, Saturday, September 8th.

The big army manœuvres on the South Coast are just beginning, a fact which make the pictures on the next page particularly interesting. They are snap-shots taken during the cavalry manœuvres at Wexford last week, and during the route march of the London Scottish Volunteers through Scotland, which took place at the same time. A large photograph of a cutter, manned entirely by cavalry troopers, which occupies the centre of the page, is probably unique.

On our sporting pages you will find no fewer than ten large snap-shots of the fateful cricket match between Yorkshire and Surrey, forming a souvenir of that brilliant contest which you will be unable to find in any other paper. There are also six excellent photographs of members of the Middlesex eleven.

The illustrated article on "How to Make a Sailing-boat for Twenty-five Shillings," should prove useful to such of my readers as regard themselves as "handy men." It will be noticed that for the trifling sum mentioned an excellent boat to hold as many as three people can be easily constructed.

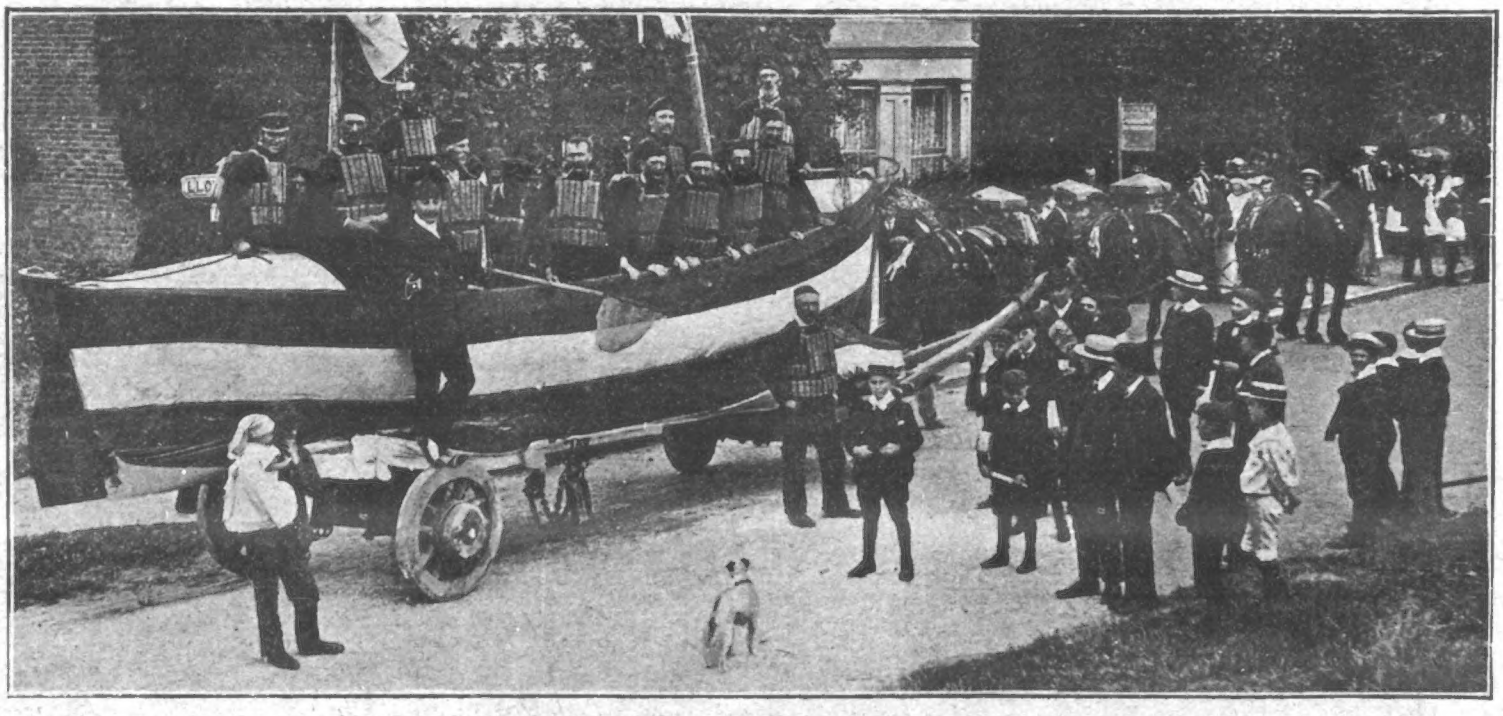
There are some excellent theatrical photographs on the page devoted to "*P.I.P.*" Playgoer." I would especially draw attention to the very fine studies of Mr. Forbes-Robertson and Miss Gertrude Elliott, in "The Merchant of Venice." They are playing at Manchester in this piece this week.

Amongst other interesting features are the illustrations of Bournemouth Horse Show, a dongola race at Wingate Regatta, Mrs. Langtry at Folkestone, and King Edward's pet terrier, which accompanies him on all his travels.

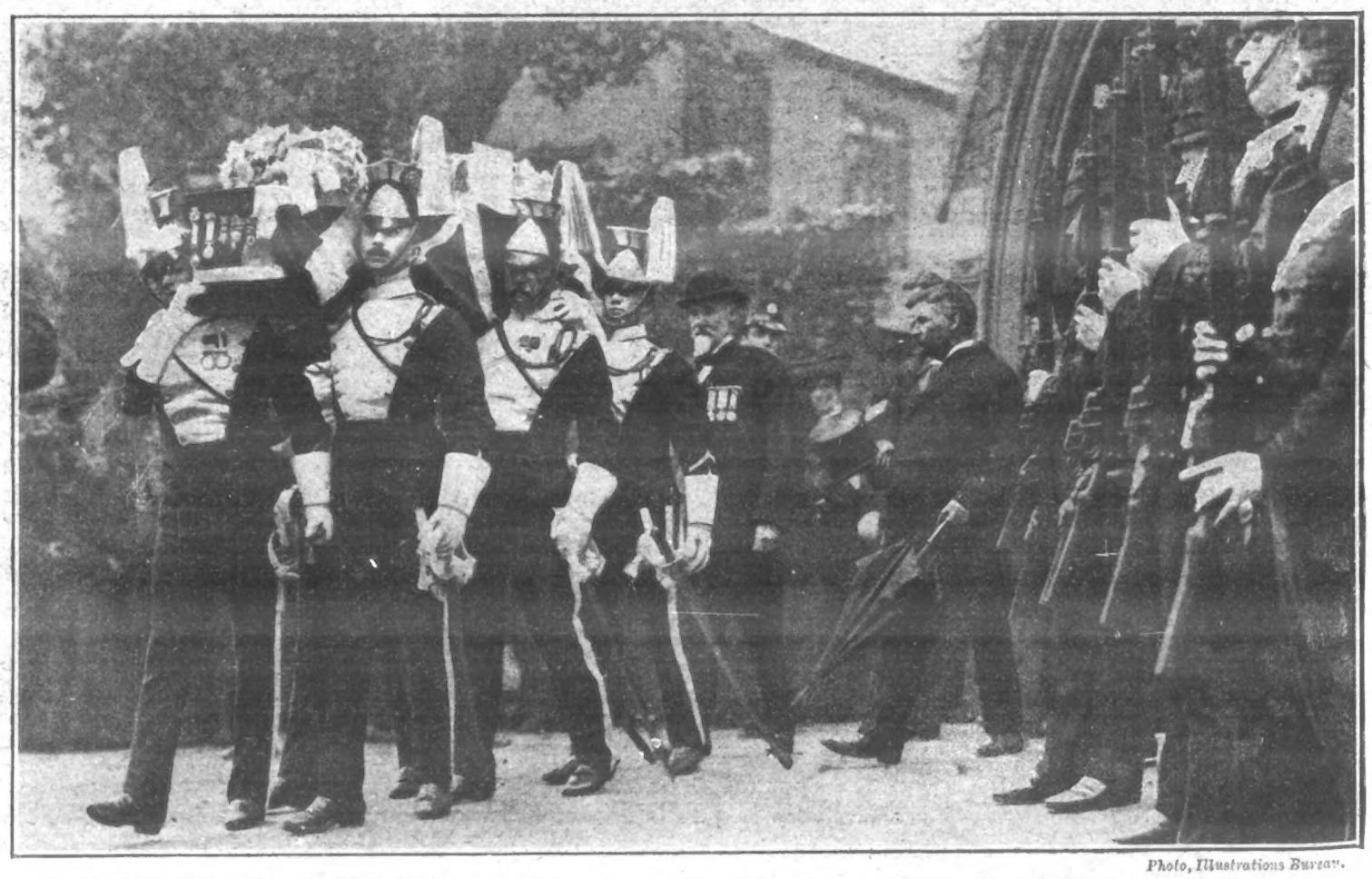
This is record-breaking week. See page 138.

THE NEW QUEEN OF SPAIN AT HOME.

With the youngest sovereigns in Europe at its head, the Spanish Court is likely to see great changes. No Court is more bound in strict chains of etiquette and tradition, while old customs die hard at Madrid; but the young King and Queen are distinctly modern in tastes, and the spirit of English freedom, coming in with the bride, will certainly affect Spanish Court life for the future. It is a pretty compliment to Queen Victoria Eugénie that her private apartments in the Royal Palace at Madrid have (says the *Graphic*) been furnished in English fashion, while the many wedding presents arranged in the rooms will further recall her old home and friends. Queen Maria Christina formerly occupied these rooms, but she has taken keen interest in refurnishing them for her daughter-in-law, and has now retired to another suite. The Royal Palace is quite a patriarchal establishment, for no fewer than five separate Royal households are quartered beneath its roof. First come the King and Queen, then the Queen-Mother; the Infanta Maria Teresa, only surviving sister of the King, with her newly-wedded husband, Prince Ferdinand of Bavaria; the Infante Don Carlos, widower of the King's other sister, and his children—of whom the little Alfonso is heir-presumptive to the Spanish Throne; and finally the Infanta Isabella, aunt to the King, with her sons. Still, the Madrid Palace is one of the largest in the world, so there is plenty of room for so many families in the huge white building with its enormous Italian façade.



BROADSTAIRS LIFE-BOAT AND CREW: Collecting money for the local hospital.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

"THE LAST POST"—FUNERAL OF A BALACLAVA HERO: Sergt.-Major T. Morley's funeral. He died at Nottingham at the age of eighty-eight.

The Outrage in Russia.

A desperate attempt was made by two Terrorists, dressed as gendarmes, to assassinate the Russian Premier, M. Stolypin, while he was holding his weekly reception of political and personal friends at his summer residence on Apothecary Island in the Little Neva.

M. Stolypin escaped with a slight wound, but thirty people were killed and twenty-two were injured by the explosion of the bomb. The Premier's fourteen-year-old daughter was mortally wounded, and his little son was badly injured.

The attempt was one of the most dramatic and daring of the crimes of the Terrorists. There was a very large number of guests in the villa at the time, and the havoc made by the explosion was terrific. The villa was wrecked, one side of it being blown into the Neva. Many people were literally blown to pieces, and the fire that followed completed the work of destruction.

Previous Outrages.

The more notable of the recent assassinations committed by the Terrorists are as follows:

M. Plehve, Minister of the Interior, July 28th, 1904.

Herr Johnsson, Procurator of the Senate, Helsingfors, February 6th, 1905.

Grand Duke Sergius, February 17th, 1905.

Chief of Police at Bielostok, March 7th, 1905.

Prince Nakashidze, Governor of Baku, May 24th, 1905.

Count Shuvaloff, Prefect of Moscow, July 11th, 1905.

Colonel Kremarenko, Chief of Police at Viborg, July 21st.

General Sakharoff, ex-Minister of War, Governor of Saratoff, December 7th, 1905.

Chief of Police at Moscow, December 27th, 1905.

General Boganovich, Vice-Governor of Tamboff, January 1st, 1906.

General Dragomiroff, Chief of Police at Irkutsk, January 11th, 1906.

Chief of Police at Kutais, February 8th, 1906.

M. Sleptzoff, Governor of Tver, April 7th, 1906.

General Zholtanovski, Governor-General of Elizabetgrad, May 6th, 1906.

Nusnich, Admiral of Port of St. Petersburg, May 14, 1906.

Governor of Samara, August 3rd, 1906.

General Shot by a Girl.

Major-General Min, ex-colonel of the Semenovsky Guards, was shot dead on Peterhof Station by a young woman under dramatic circumstances.

He had dismissed the bodyguard that had accompanied him since the action of the Semenovsky Regiment in the Moscow revolt, declaring that he did not wish to go about as a prisoner any longer. He went to the station to meet his wife, who had returned from their summer residence.

He kissed her affectionately when they met, and turned to see about the luggage when the woman fired at him from behind. Two shots lodged in his left shoulder, and three in his side. He fell dead without a moan.

Mme. Min dashed at the assassin, and seized the smoking revolver. The young woman made no attempt to escape, and Mme. Min held her until a policeman came up.

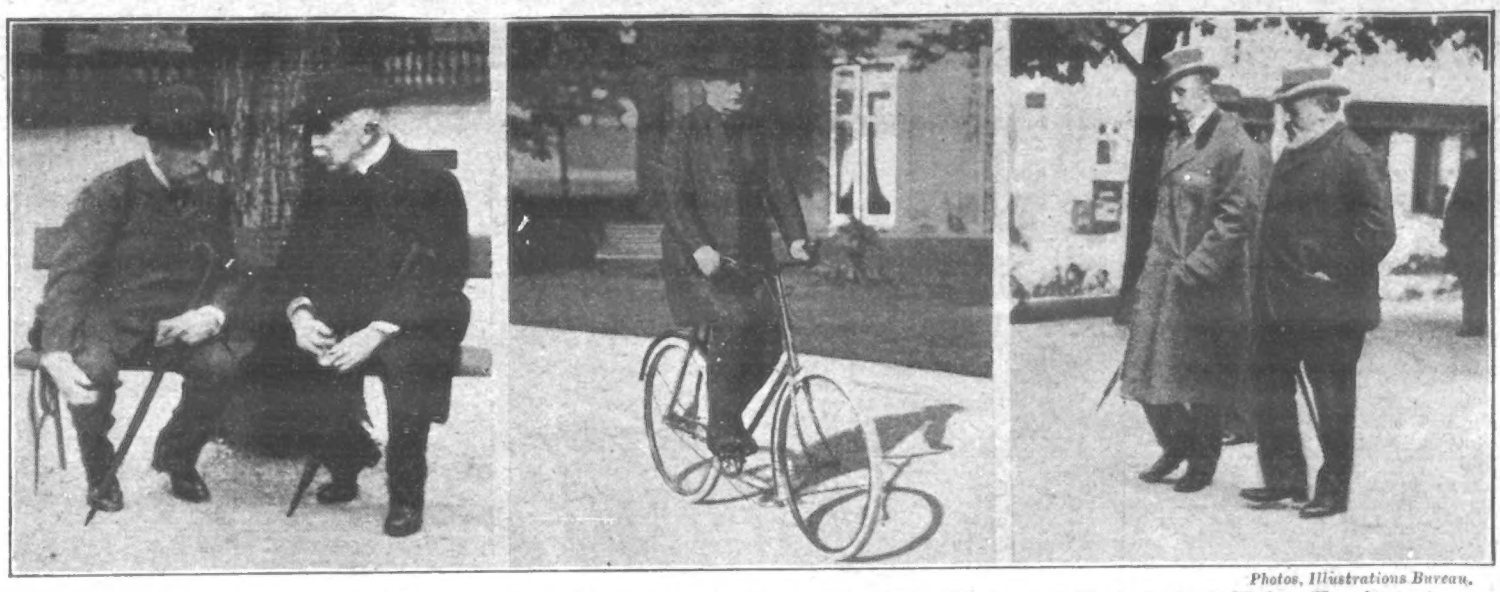
The woman did not even struggle, but coolly said, "That is my bomb," at the same time pointing to a package on the ground, and adding, warningly, "Do not touch it." Mme. Min, after delivering the prisoner over to the gendarme, fell on the body of her husband, weeping and covering it with kisses.

General Min was one of the soldiers marked out by the Terrorists for assassination. The corps he commanded took a large part in suppressing the Moscow revolt.

Rhodes' Batting Ambition.

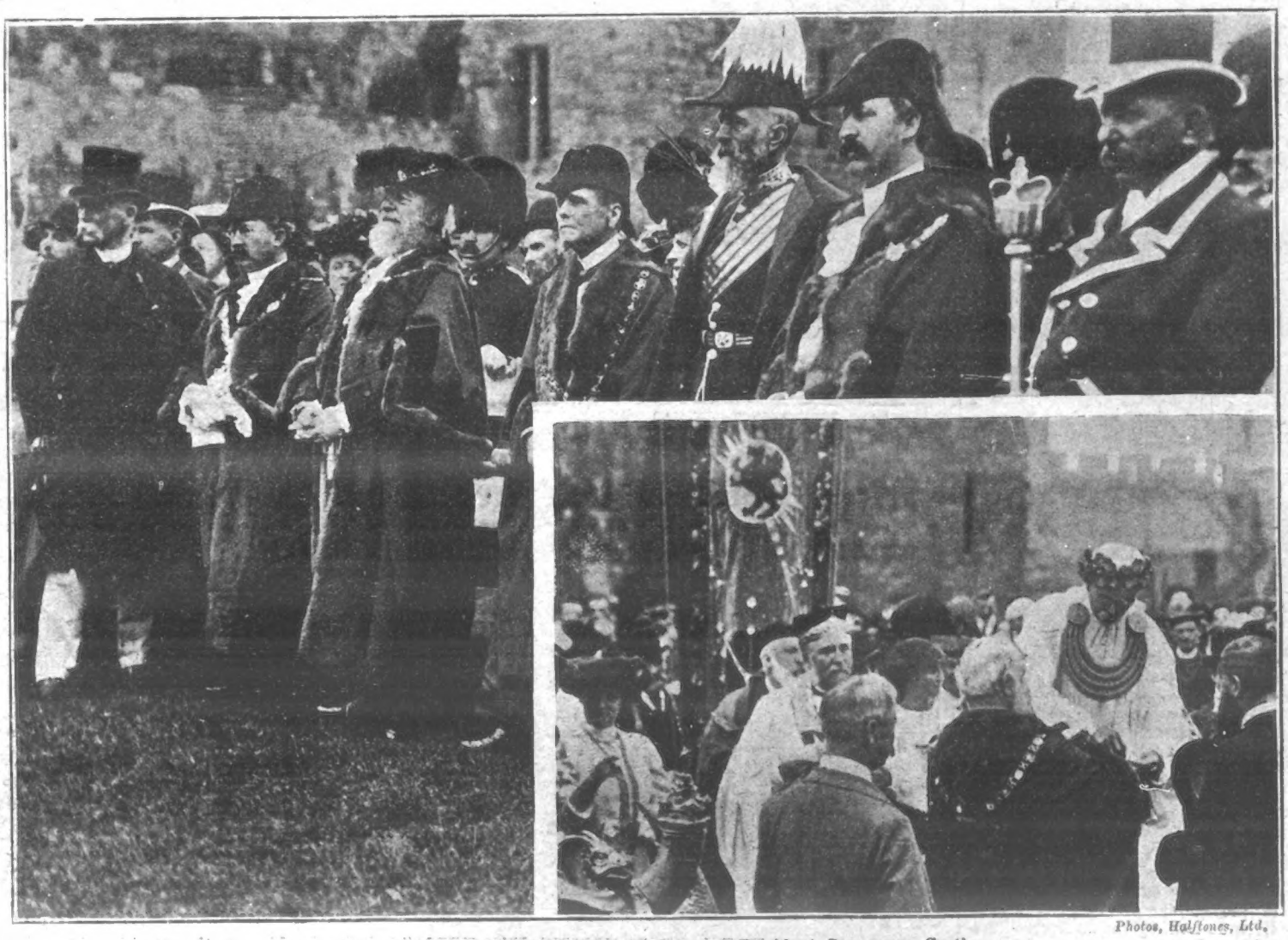
As it was the fine innings of Wilfred Rhodes which really turned the scale in that championship test match at Sheffield, it is interesting to recall that when he was going in tenth for Yorkshire, he once confessed it was his ambition to be played for England for his batting. There is yet time for him to obtain his desire. In those days Lord Hawke used to give him orders to get out when he had made about twenty. This was to preserve his bowling, and how often when he has been bowling loose has his great captain regretted that "Sir Wilfred" has become so steady a run-getter.

On Their Holidays: Snapshots of Celebrities.



Photos, Illustrations Bureau.

"TAKING IT EASY"—CELEBRITIES ON THEIR HOLIDAYS: 1. The Prime Minister at Marienbad. 2. Father Vaughan at Harrogate. 3. The King at Marienbad.



Photos, Halftones, Ltd.

LORD MAYOR OF LONDON initiated as a Druid at Carnarvon Castle.

Photos, [illegible].

ANGLING COMPETITION AT SOUTHEND: 1. Mr. Watson casting. 2. Master C. Dupre. 3. Mrs. A. C. Howard. 4. Mrs. Dupre.

CAMBRIDGE v. HARVARD SNAPSHOTS AT PUTNEY.

Girl Smugglers.

Two girls, named Vachero, aged seventeen and nineteen years, have just accomplished a daring feat of smuggling.

They belong to a family whose ancestors have been smugglers for a century. Their hunting grounds are in the mountains where the Swiss, Italian, and Austrian frontiers nearly touch at the Stelvio Pass.

Many desperate fights with the Customs officials have taken place at this spot, until the Vacheros have been almost wiped out. There now remain of the family only the father and mother and the two daughters, who are the heroines of this latest exploit.

At present the father is suffering from a rifle shot through the elbow, which he describes as an "accident." He was unable to get a large cargo of tobacco across the Swiss frontier into Italy, and his daughters determined to smuggle the contraband themselves.

They started, but near the summit of the pass were discovered by two Customs officials. While the elder girl proceeded on the journey the younger one kept the officers at bay with a rifle from a sheltered position. The men replied, and the fusilade continued until the sister with the tobacco had got a good half-hour's start. The younger sister then disappeared, and returned home by making a long detour in the mountains, every path of which she knows.

Disadvantages of Handcuffs.

The disadvantages of wearing handcuffs were brought vividly before the public by a misadventure which befell two prisoners at Lochgelly, in Fifeshire.

They were marching down the street grappled to each other's wrists with hoops of steel, and were being personally conducted by a constable, when a passing cyclist fell and was run over by a van.

The constable's humanity impelled him to first aid, and the prisoners, succumbing to temptation, ran away, with a crowd at their heels. Driven into a blind alley, they climbed a wall successfully, but one of them slipped back, and they were left suspended by the wrist, one on either side of the wall.

Their recapture was not difficult.

Wasps Rout Football Teams.

Two football teams were put to ignominious rout by wasps at Swalwell, in Durham, on Saturday.

The players disturbed a nest, and were furiously attacked. The wasps singled out Anthony Armstrong especially, and the spectators had to go to his assistance. He had received many stings before the wasps were beaten off.

Another Murder in a Lonely House.

Still another tragedy has been added to the list of lonely house murders which has grown so appallingly of late.

Miss Mary Ann Swann, a woman of more than seventy years, was found murdered on Sunday morning in the cottage in which she lived alone at Bedlington, in Northumberland.

The house is near a part of the town where large numbers of tramps lodge on their way from Shields to Morpeth.

Miss Swann is connected with a well-known family of Northumberland farmers.

No fewer that six "lonely house murders" have been committed since the beginning of the year, the victims numbering eight. Three were committed in January, one in May, one in June, and now in August comes the news of the murder of Miss Mary Ann Swann.

The following is a full list of the crimes:

January.—Mr. and Mrs. Evans, murdered in a farmhouse at Garthbeibo, Montgomeryshire.

January.—Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, murdered in a detached villa at Stoke Park, Coventry.

January.—A woman, named Kilvington, living alone, murdered in her cottage at Lockwith, ten miles from York.

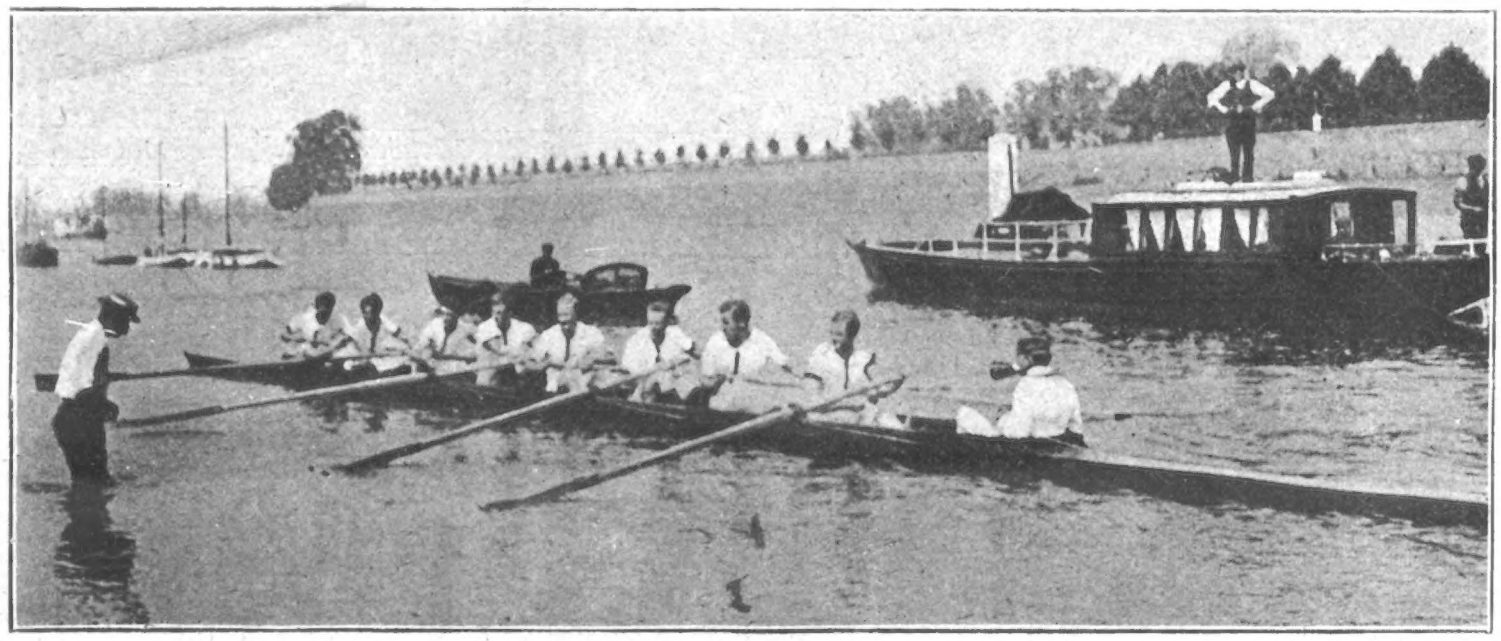
May.—Mr. John Fell (hermit, merchant), murdered at Preston.

June.—Miss Hogg, living with her sister, murdered at Camberley.

August.—Miss Mary Ann Swann, murdered at Bedlington.

Photo, P.I.P.

CAMBRIDGE v. HARVARD: The Cambridge crew practising for the race which takes place on Saturday, September 8th.

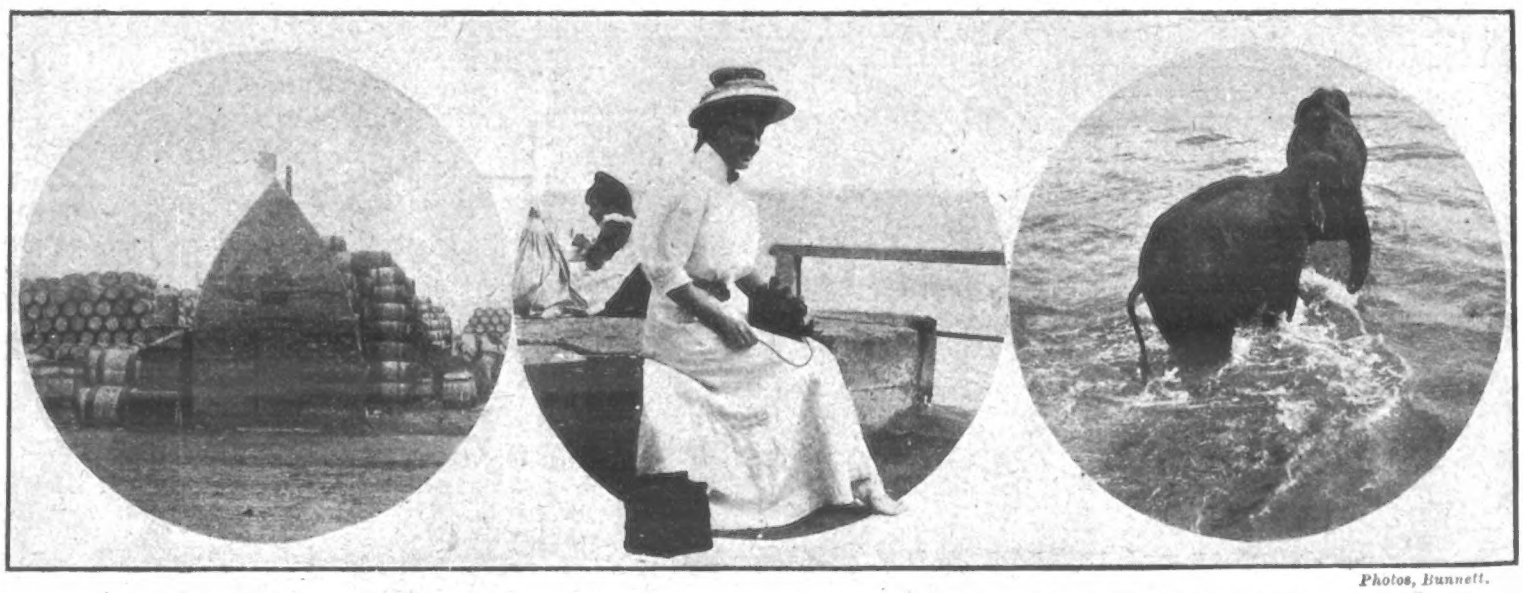


Photo, P.I.P.

CAMBRIDGE v. HARVARD: The Harvard crew practising at Putney.

Photo, P.I.P.

HARVARD BRINGING IN THEIR "SHELL": Observe the small boy being lifted out of the way.



Photos, Bunnett.

SEASIDE SNAPSHOTS: 1. A hut at Yarmouth, made of half a boat and known as "Snowdrop Villa," where the herring watchman lives. 2. Miss Kellerman, the Channel swimmer, taking photos on Broadstairs jetty. 3. Elephants of Wombwell's Menagerie bathing in the sea at Broadstairs.

LIFE IN THE BRITISH ARMY:

SOME INTERESTING SNAP-SHOTS OF LAST WEEK'S MANŒUVRES.

Told in the Market Place.

Do you know a good story? If so don't keep it to yourself. Everybody likes to hear a good yarn, and to enjoy a good laugh.

In future I hope to run a column of good stories every week in the pages of P.I.P., *and I want to have these contributed by the readers of the paper.*

It will interest you to read your own pet stories in print, and it will amuse other people to read them.

I will give a small prize for every story used.

Postcards only, please, and write clearly. Address "Editor, Penny Illustrated Paper, 18 *Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C."*

Not Up-to-Date.

There was recently a day excursion from the Midlands to Boulogne, and amongst those who joined at West Bromwich was an old lady. During the trip across the Channel she noticed the firemen hauling up sacks of ashes out of the stoke-hole and emptying them into the sea, and she was heard to remark: "Dear me, in these up-to-date times, why can't a grating be put in the bottom of the steamer for the ashes to drop through, and so save all that trouble?"

On the Car.

A gentleman had left his corner seat in an already crowded railway car to go in search of something to eat, leaving a rug to reserve his place. On returning he found that the seat had been usurped by a woman. To his protestations her lofty reply was:

"Do you know, sir, that I am one of the director's wives?"

"Madam," he replied, "were you the director's only wife, I should still protest."

Patrick McMurphy's Dilemma.

An Irishman once went to market in his cart, and after he got himself a drink he started on his homeward journey. He got so far down the road when he lay down for a sleep in the hedge. An hour or two later he woke up and could see only his cart on the road. He got into the shafts and took it to the nearest police-station. When he got there he met an inspector, and said:

"Please, sir, am I Patrick McMurphy?"

The inspector said that he did not know.

Then Patrick said: "Well, if I'm not Patrick McMurphy I've found a cart; but if I am, I've lost a horse."

Jones and His Turkey.

An old country woman, who was celebrated for her famous turkeys, sold one to a gentleman named Jones. When served up at table it was so tough as to be quite uneatable. Meeting the old lady a short time afterwards, Mr. Jones said to her: "What do you mean, Mrs. M——, by selling that turkey to me?"

"What was wrong wi't?"

"It wasn't good at all," replied the gentleman.

"No guid," replied Mrs. M——. "It was bound to be guid. It won the first prize for twelve years at our poultry show."

Unwelcome Information.

A remarkably stout old lady, unused to London life and activity, had been trying for the last ten minutes to get across the Strand, when suddenly she espied a policeman, and, hurrying up to him, exclaimed:

"Could you see me across the road?"

The man eyed her up and down for a minute, and then answered decidedly:

"Lor, bless you, mam, I could see you a mile away!"

Timmid and the Girls.

"Yes," young Mr. Timmid admitted. "I've always been bashful among the girls."

"But why should you be?" asked Miss Yern encouragingly.

"I can't help myself."

"Gracious!" she exclaimed, pursing up her lips. "If you don't help yourself how can you expect to get any?"

Photo, Topical.

CAVALRY MANŒUVRES AT WEXFORD: Lord Grenfell and General Rimington inspecting field cooking arrangements.

Photo, Topical.

HANDY MEN IN THE CAVALRY: A cutter manned by troopers of the 11th Hussars at the Wexford Manœuvres.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

THE LONDON SCOTTISH IN SCOTLAND: The London Scottish Volunteers have taken an extensive route march in the North. Our photo shows the corps at rest after a long tramp.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

CRICKET.

There are very few days left of the cricket season,-and even at the time of writing the county championship is not allocated. Never in the history of the game, so far as memory serves me, has the issue been so long in doubt, and certainly the fortunes of three counties have never hung upon so slender a thread. As I write Kent have nothing to spare in their encounter with Middlesex, and a lot depended upon the issue of that match. Yorkshire and Surrey were engaged in encounters which were little short of certainties for them, the former playing Somerset, and the latter Derbyshire.

While on the subject of Kent, it is pleasing to note the good feeling that pervades all classes who have anything to do with the hop county. Last Friday evening, the Kent professionals sprang a surprise upon their captain in the shape of a silver cigar-box, which was tendered as a mark of respect and esteem, and as an appreciation of his sterling qualities as a captain. My object in mentioning the matter is to illustrate the fact that the *esprit de corps* of the team has not had a little to do with the present brilliant position occupied by the county.

Kent's victory over Worcestershire was gained almost without an effort, seven wickets separating the clubs when the winning hit was made. It was one of those displays which make for the winning of a match, every man hitting for all he was worth in order to "beat the clock." A brilliant 101 by the old Cantab, C. J. Burnup, in Kent's first innings, went far towards the desired result. Another factor was two fine innings of eighty-nine and fifty-three by K. L. Hutchings, and on the Worcestershire side, Bowley, with a fine 117 scored more than half the runs in the first innings.

The result of the match was to leave Kent on top in the championship table, for on the same day Gloucestershire defeated Yorkshire by one run. The game was of the most exciting nature all through, only five runs separating the sides on the first innings, and when Ringrose, the last Yorkshire batsman, came in, but one run was needed, and a trifle of judgment would have saved Yorkshire from falling off the top rung of the ladder. As it was, Jessop outgeneralled him, and, sending down a fast straight one, got him leg before, and so the match was won.

Of course, the umpire has had a great many nasty things said about him, but he was more likely to be right than his critics. I have always set my face to the baiting of cricket umpires and football referees. They are only human, but I cannot say that I have ever seen a case where the official in charge could be said to have given a false decision. I have not always agreed with him, but he has generally been better placed to give a judgment than myself.

Surrey, whose prospects of winning the championship were so brilliant at one time, gained a victory over Northamptonshire by eight wickets. The win comes too late to lead to any hopes of Surrey winning the championship, as only a collapse on the part of Kent and Yorkshire could give them any possible chance, and it is to be feared that the Oval side will have to wait for the next season before they can again hope to head the table.

FOOTBALL.

Despite the recent heat strong work has been put in by all the professionals who will be called upon to assist their clubs at the opening of football to-morrow (Saturday). Many teams will be materially changed, particularly Manchester City, whose lot has been anything but a rosy one since their drastic punishment was meted out to them. But it would be idle to attempt to go into the relative merits of the clubs; indeed, many upsets may occur during to-morrow's all-important matches.

ROWING.

It was a wise move on the part of the Harvard authorities to bring over several first-class substitutes, as since they have been in England it was not until last Monday that the exact competition of the crew was decided on. With Morgan's advent, and Glass and Richardson thought sufficiently recovered to take their places in the boat again on the previous Saturday, the exact crew, which defeated Yale, at length sat together in the boat. However, on Monday it was discovered that Glass's knee might not stand the strain, so he was definitely retired; Morgan went to No. 4, and Flint was allotted the place of No. 3. Since the men have been at Putney, opinions as to their merits have become considerably strengthened. Cambridge are, however, still favourites, but, all going well, next Saturday's international race should be fully up to the class of traditional inter-Blue contests.

The twenty-five miles amateur championship was won by H. Crowther, of Leeds, after a grand race with Bert Andrews, of Carmarthen, the first-named just getting home by a wheel. C. V. Clarke, of the Polytechnic C.C., was only a length behind, and the time was 1hr. 9min. 25sec. The quarter-mile professional championship resulted in Syd Jenkins, of Cardiff, being first over the line, in 33sec. The five miles for the same class ended in the success of H. Reynolds, of Dublin, the Irish rider scoring a good win in 14min. 34sec.—10sec. slower than the amateur race.

ATHLETICS & CYCLING.

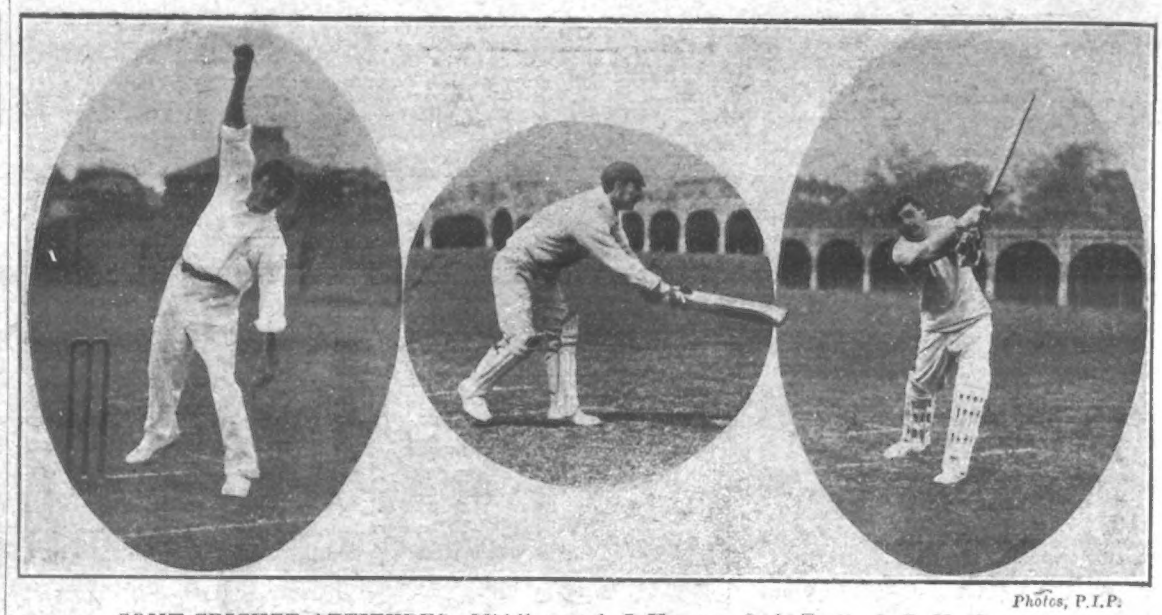
The chief event in the cycling world last week-end was the National Cycling Union championships. These were held at Newport (Mon.), on Saturday, and the events decided were five miles and twenty-five miles for amateurs, and the quarter of a mile and five miles for professionals. The five miles amateur event was won by W. A. Edmunds, the Bristol rider, the holder, Leon Meredith, being beaten out of a place in the final. The time was 14min. 24sec.

At the sports of the Eastbourne A.C., F. H. Hulford was again beaten by A. J. Robertson. The latter, like the four miles champion, is a member of the Birchfield Harriers, and over a distance of three miles Hulford was beaten somewhat easily by 50yds. The time, 15min. 21 3-5sec., was not fast, but the ground does not favour good time. W. Baker, of the Brighton and County Harriers, won the mile championship in 4min. 44 1-5sec. He was running in scratch races fifteen years ago, so that his win was all the more remarkable.

C. B. Kingsbury scored a double win in the cycling events. The winner is a member of the Gosport A.C., and, riding from scratch, he accounted for both the mile handicap and the half-mile scratch race. H. Stratford, of the Southover A.C., was first past the post in the 100 yards open sprint from the 9yds. mark, and the open mile handicap on the flat was secured by A. P. Price, of the Borough Polytechnic Harriers, who had the useful start of 105yds. A. W. Clay Thomas, of the South London Harriers, was first man home in the quarter.

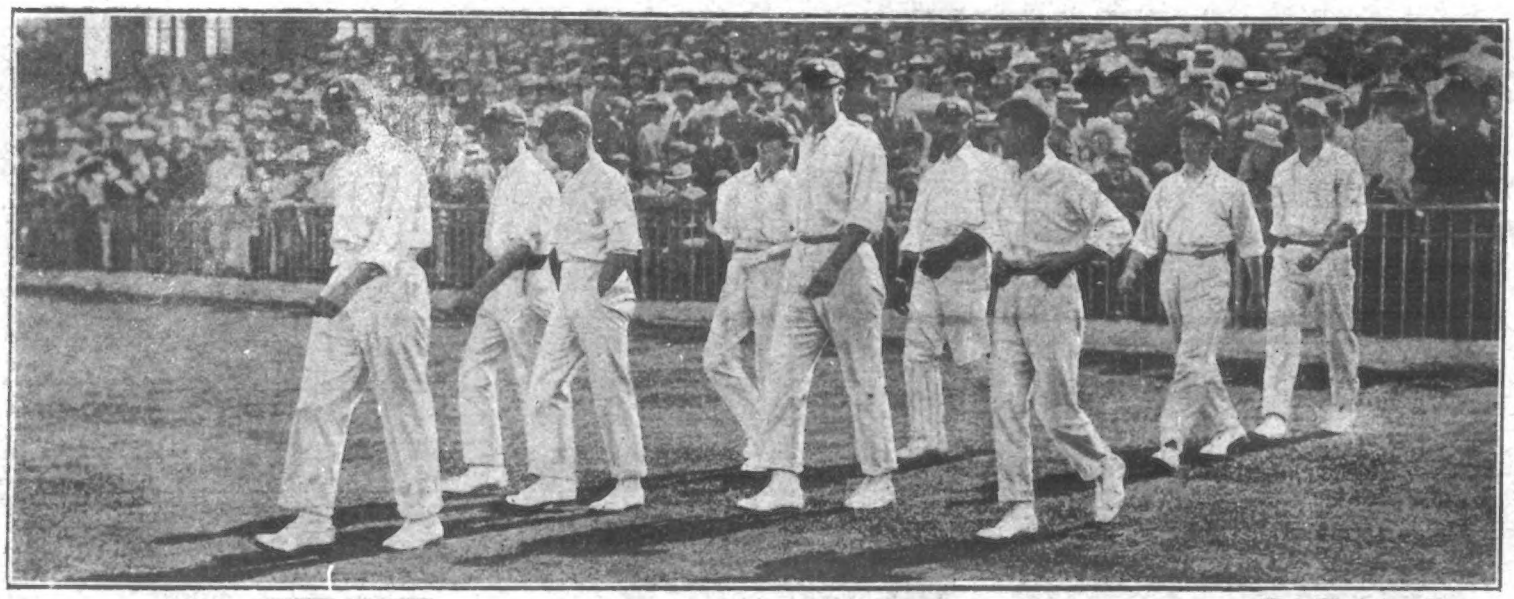
Ernest Payne, the Worcester cyclist, was in great form at the Birmingham Charity Sports. He won the three-quarters of a mile and five miles bicycle scratch races, and he must assuredly possess one of the biggest collections of prizes of any rider in training. Other winners at the meeting were S. Malsey (one mile walk), W. Kindler (half-mile cycle handicap), P. E. Edwards (120 yards handicap), F. Couzens (one mile flat), G. King (two miles cycle), A. Ashford (2,000 yards steeplechase), and H. Mason (300 yards).

The National Co-operative Sports were held at the Crystal Palace, and the meeting was well patronised. A. E. Hare, Malden Harriers, won the open 100 yards; the half-mile open cycle handicap fell to C. Brooks, of the Royal Arsenal and Polytechnic clubs; and R. Yeatman, Highgate Harriers, was first man home in the half-mile. The winner of the 300 yards was J. D. A. Green, of the Polytechnic H.; and a mile open cycle handicap resulted in G. McDonough, of the Putney A.C., passing the judges first.



Photos, P.I.P.

SOME CRICKET ATTITUDES.—Middlesex: 1. J. Hearne. 2. A. Trott. 3. G. MacGregor.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

YORKSHIRE v. SURREY: Yorkshire taking the field for the second innings of Surrey.

Photos, P.I.P.

SOME CRICKET ATTITUDES.—Middlesex: 1. B. J. T. Bosanquet. 2. G. W. Beldam. 3. P. F. Warner.

Photo, P.I.P.

HARVARD v. CAMBRIDGE: The children of the Prince of Wales watching the crews at practice last week.

PARS FROM EVERYWHERE.

Our Fleet Abroad.

King Haaken and Queen Maud visited the cruiser *Euryalus*, the flagship of the British squadron now at Christiana. His Majesty, as a British Admiral, hoisted his flag, which was saluted by the guns of the fleet. The King subsequently inspected the ships.

Healthy Stockport.

The County Borough of Stockport has reason to congratulate itself on its record for 1905.

From the annual report of the County Medical Officer of Health, we learn that its death-rate for last year was lower than that recorded for any one year during the last quarter of a century. Still more remarkable is the fact that almost one-fifth of the total number of deaths occurred among persons at an advanced age period, viz., sixty-five and upwards.

Repulsive and Horrible.

At Hitchin County Court Judge Snagge made some strong remarks on the need for reforming the present method of administering the oath. The custom of kissing the Testament was, he said, insanitary, repulsive, and horrible to contemplate, and, as the matter had not been noticed by the Press, he hoped steps would soon be taken to reform the matter.

Notices are to be put in his courts saying that the Scotch or any other form of oath may be used, and he has ordered Testaments, with sanitary covers that may be washed, for all courts in his circuit for those who wish to keep to the old form.

Uninstructed Farmer.

A farmer, it is too often forgotten, is a man with no great amount of spare cash. He may be comfortably off, but this happy state of things is due rather to what he does not spend than to what he makes (says the *Country Gentleman*). So much of his living comes out of, and so many of his expenses are borne by, the farm. Hence a few guineas seem a considerable sum to him, especially when they are to be spent not on stock but on so vague a thing as scientific instruction.

When the farmer also takes account of the fact that this instruction is—"not given by practical farmers but by amateurs," his disinclination to lay out money is increased.

Barnet Fair.

The statement made last year that Barnet Fair had been held for the last time was unfounded. As a matter of fact, the fair will open on Tuesday, September 4th, and will be continued on the 5th and 6th.

The assertion that the fair would not be held another year has been made annually since 1871, when the Great Northern Railway Station ousted the racecourse. The extension of the electric tramway to the Barnet boundary will no doubt make it more popular than ever.

Adventure in the Isle of Wight.

A father and son had a perilous adventure at Alum Bay, in the Isle of Wight.

They were standing on the top of the cliffs, which fall a sheer 150ft. to the bay, when they stepped on a bed of light sand, which gave way beneath them.

They slid 30ft. down the face of the cliffs until their fall was arrested by a small ledge of hard sand. Bracing their backs against the cliffs they waited in momentary fear of a further fall until they were noticed from the beach below.

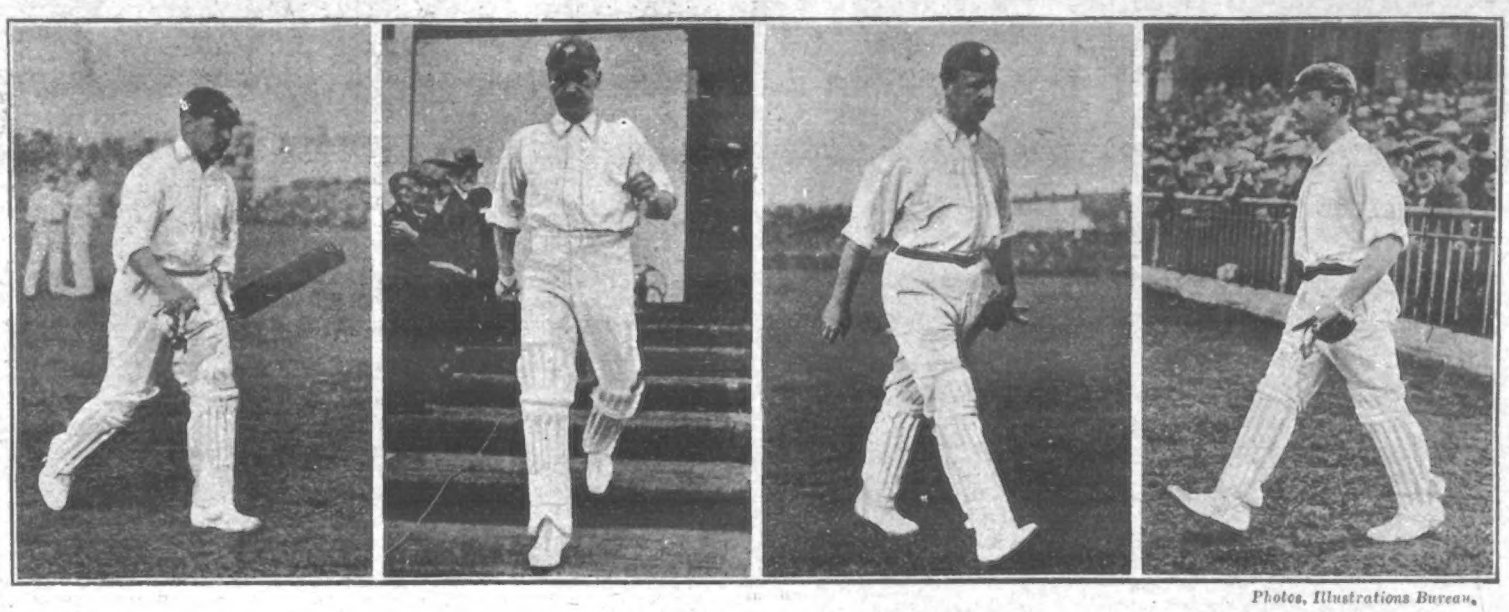
The accident was witnessed by the passengers of the pleasure steamer *Duchess of Fife*, which was nearing the pier. She was brought alongside hurriedly, and the captain and several of the crew hastened off with ropes to the rescue.

Three bluejackets hurried to the top of the cliff with a rope, which they lowered. The man fastened it round his son's waist, and he was drawn up into safety.

The rope was lowered a second time, and the man was rescued.

Don't Look Old.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with Lockyer's Sulphur Hair Restorer, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. Lockyer's large Bottles everywhere.—[Advt.]

Snap-shots at the Yorkshire v. Surrey Match.

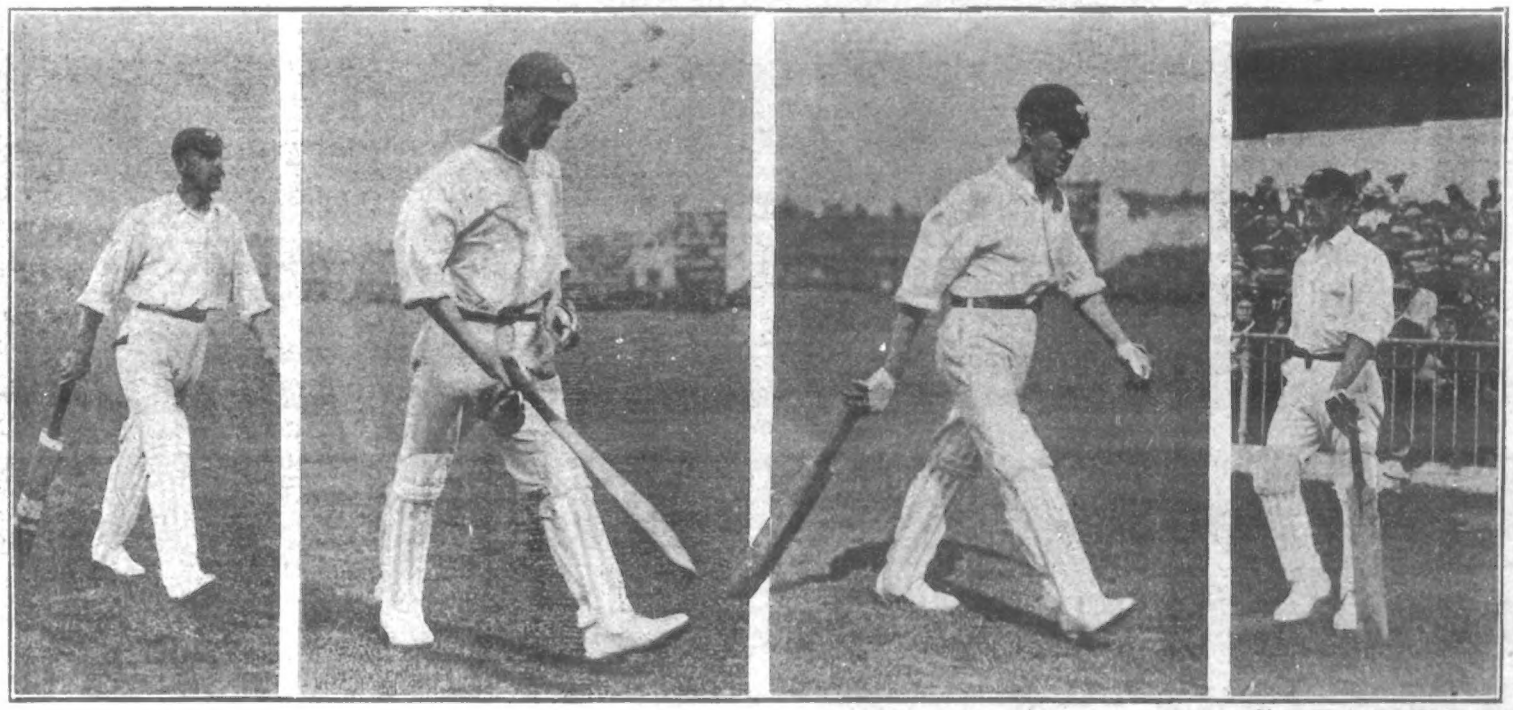


Photos, Illustrations Bureau.

YORKSHIRE v. SURREY: Hirst comes in after making a "duck." 2. Taylor. 3. Hayward. 4. Lord Dalmeny going out to bat.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

YORKSHIRE v. SURREY: A unique snap-shot of the Surrey team enjoying a well-earned luncheon during the interval.



Photos, Illustrations Bureau.

YORKSHIRE v. SURREY: 1. Rhodes opening the Yorkshire innings. 2. Crawford coming in. 3. Rothery. 4. Tunnicliffe going out.

P. I. P. PLAYGOER.

The actors' holidays—except the compulsory ones—are over. Within the space of three weeks seven new plays will be produced in London—not to speak of two revivals—and the "making" of these involves an amount of work which must suggest to the actor that he has never really had a holiday at all.

The new plays are: "The Sin of William Jackson" at the Lyric; "The Morals of Marcus" at the Garrick; "The Winter's Tale" at His Majesty's; "Mrs. Temple's Telegram" at the Waldorf; "Tristram and Iseult" at the Adelphi; "Toddles" at the Duke of York's; "Aladdin" at the Gaiety; "The Londman" at Drury Lane. As we go to press the exact date of the last two productions is not definitely fixed.

Photo, P.I.P.

MRS. LANGTRY AT FOLKESTONE: The famous beauty had the luck to win two races in one day with her horses last week, and the same evening had the misfortune to be hissed and hooted by the audience at a local entertainment because her performance was shorter than the people had anticipated.

A writer in the *Daily Express* has given a good idea of what the production of a new piece at a West-end theatre entails. Describing the scene at the Duke of York's Theatre during a rehearsal, he says: "On the stage, bare except for a few chairs and a table, Mr. Cyril Maude was making jokes which will convulse the audience that sees 'Toddles' on September 5th—at any rate, they convulsed even Miss Beatrice Terry and Miss Lottie Venne. It was quite as hot as in the street; there was much moving about to be done, and there were many wearisome repetitions. In fact, it was the hardest of hard work, and had it not been for Mr. Maude it would not have been in the least amusing."

Photo, Lizzie Caswall-Smith.

Miss Ada Reeve, who is now appearing with great success at the London Tivoli.

A tale of long hours that would have roused a trade union was unfolded by Mr. Maude's manager, Mr. Turner. "We are working," he said simply, "from 10.30 a.m. to 11.15 p.m. The procedure of producing a play is as follows: First you get your play. Next you read it to your company. (You should have seen the company's behaviour when Mr. Maude read 'Toddles' to them.) Then you rehearse it day and night until you wish you were not an actor.

"Starting at 10.30, we continue, with a short interval for lunch, until four o'clock. Then the ladies visit the costume-makers to arrange about the four or so costumes which each will wear, and the men have their suits fitted on. At eight o'clock we resume, and we finish, perhaps, about a quarter-past eleven. Were it not for the necessity of the visits to the costumier's, we might be rehearsing all the time.

"Mr. Maude does more than this. In his moments off he is arranging about the rebuilding of the Playhouse in Northumberland Avenue, which will be opened early in the new year, selecting scenery, and seeing to other details. He is also supervising the arrangements for the tour of 'Olivia,' which Miss Winifred Emery will take to the provinces shortly. Mr. Maude takes the rehearsals very seriously, and is quite as nervous before the first night as he was when I joined him eleven years ago. Unlike some managers, he believes in having the last rehearsal on the day before the production."

Mr. Tree beats even this record. From ten in the morning until ten at night he is rehearsing, not one play, but four. On September 1st His Majesty's will reopen with Miss Ellen Terry in "The Winter's Tale," while on September 3rd the first of his two touring companies will open at Blackpool with "Colonel Newcome," "The Man Who Was," and "Business is Business." This week he has had no fewer than four dress rehearsals in the one week!

Miss Marie Tempest has at last consented to accept again a singing engagement, Mr. Butt, managing director of the Palace Theatre, having thus succeeded where managers of light-opera theatres have failed. To fill in part of the time before rehearsing for a new play elsewhere, Miss Tempest has allowed herself to be tempted by a huge salary—that makes a record for a single performance per night in a music-hall—to appear at the Palace Theatre for a limited engagement, beginning about the middle of this month (September), to sing four songs every evening, two of these to be with piano accompaniment, the other two with the orchestra.

This engagement adds another name to the notable list of players that the Palace Theatre has tempted to make an incursion into the light-hearted region of the music-hall stage. Among the many that have in this way made a special departure for "vaudeville" at the Palace Theatre are Mr. Lewis Waller, Mrs. Brown Potter, Mrs. Tree, Miss Lottie Venne, Mr. Louis Bradfield, Miss Kate Cutler, Mr. Arthur Playfair, Miss Carrie Moore, Mr. Fred Wright, Mr. Kenneth Douglas, and Mr. Courtice Pounds.

Heading the feminine "support" of Mr. Terry for his tour of the United Kingdom is Miss F. Glossop-Harris, who last year became his step-daughter by his marriage with the widow of Sir Augustus Harris, says a writer in *M.A.P.* She has been playing the leading parts in "Liberty Hall" and "The Magistrate" (Mr. Terry appearing as the old Bloomsbury bookseller in the first, and the magistrate in the second, the original parts respectively of Mr. Edward Righton and Mr. Arthur Cecil), and she will impersonate the heroine of a new comedy by Mr. Julian Rochefort, called "The Good Old Firm," which Mr. Edward Terry has arranged to produce at one of the towns he touches in his present travels. Miss Harris is a girl of great tact and gentleness of manner, and intimate friends of the late "Druriolanus" (the name invented for the Emperor of Drury Lane pantomime and autumn drama by "Mr. Punch") will recollect what a power the little lady was, when only twelve years of age, in the matter of "managing" her father at times when his illness caused him to imagine that everything was going wrong at the theatre.

Photo, Foulsham and Banfield.

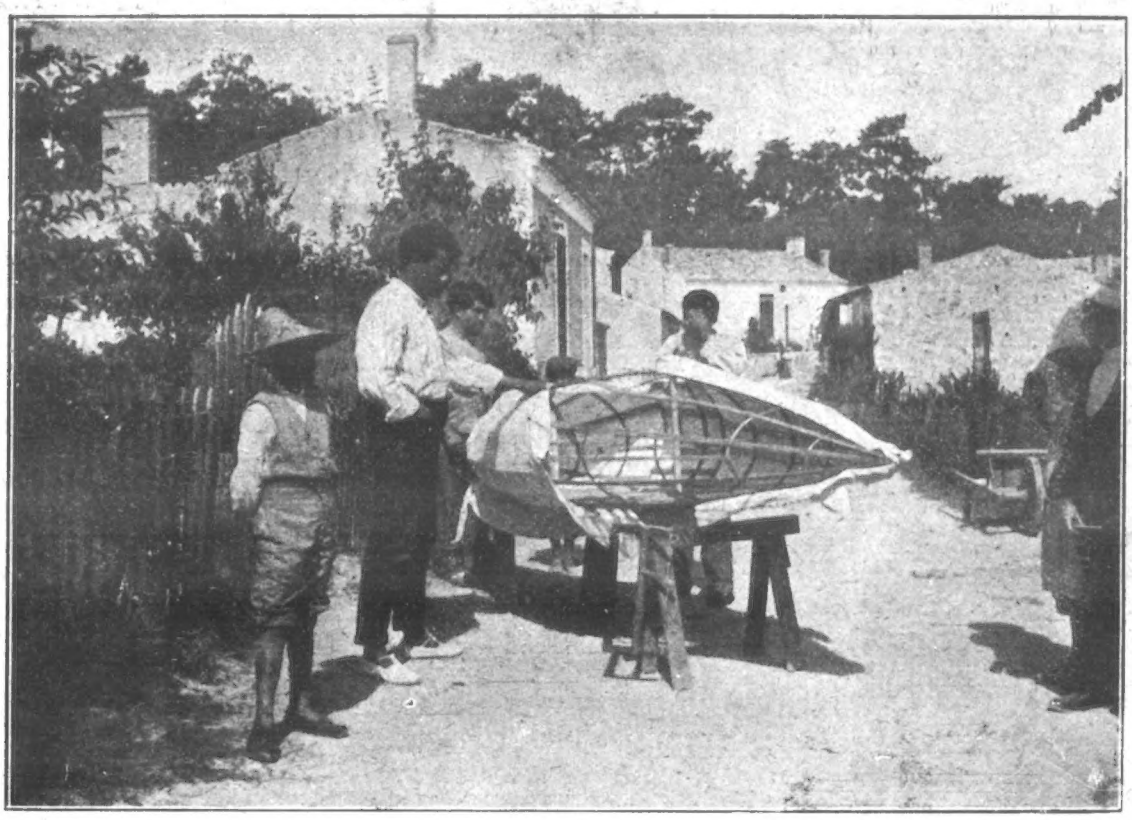
The latest photograph of charming Miss Constance Hayem.

Photos, Caswall-Smith.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE AT MANCHESTER.—Mr. Forbes Robertson and Miss Gertrude Elliott have been appearing in this play with great success this week at Manchester.

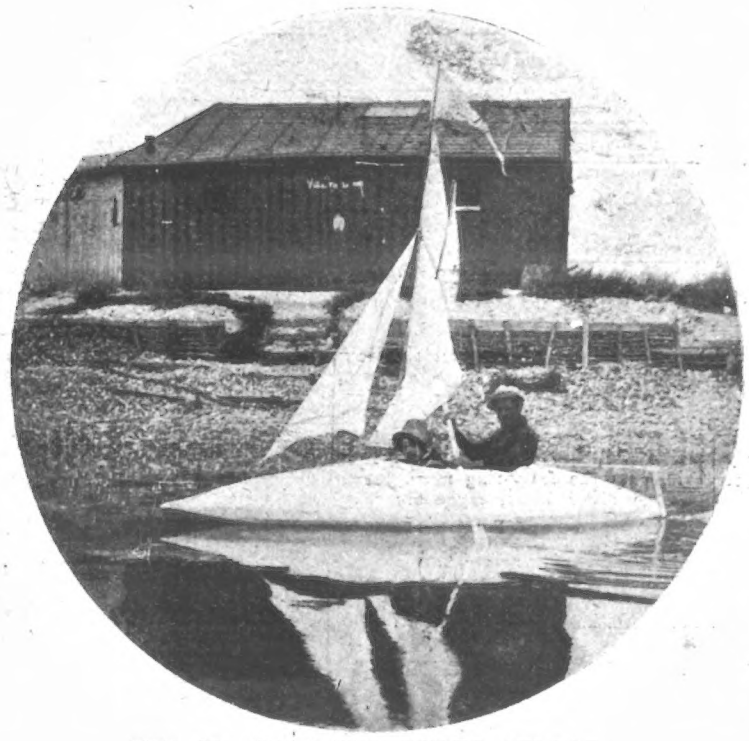
A SAILING BOAT FOR 25s.

How to Make It.



THE BOAT UNDER CONSTRUCTION, SHOWING THE FRAMEWORK OF HOOPS.

OILING AND PAINTING THE BOAT.



THE 25s. BOAT FOR THREE AFLOAT.

BAILING OUT.

A Home-Made Sailing Boat.

"A boat—two months' pleasure—for twenty-five shillings!"—so says a French writer describing the construction of the little pleasure-vessel illustrated on this page, and his exclamation mark is certainly justified. "The secret of making it?" he continues. "As simple as it is practical. Two principles must be the guides in construction—lightness and economy. Barrel hoops meet the former requirement. By doing the work *in propriâ personâ* the second is fulfilled. A keel 10 in. high is sawn out along an arc having a rise of 3 1-5 in. On this keel a ribbon of wood 1 in. wide is fixed, accurately fitting its shape. Holes are pierced in the keel at eight inches distance from each other, and through these the hoops, which must be carefully steeped in water first to make them more flexible, are passed. They are fixed to the ribbon of wood. Rods placed crosswise prevent these 'ribs' or frames from bending. On this framework, laths are applied, and these will carry the canvas, for your boat will be covered with canvas, made waterproof by means of two coats of boiled linseed-oil. Then two coats of paint will completely guarantee its water tightness. In order to ensure stability, lead will be fixed to the keel. A boat of this kind will go very well under sail. Now, a piece of advice. You must arm yourself against sarcasm. Tell yourself, above all, that you are a genius, and that genius cannot be supplied to order. Your revenge will be so much the greater when, on your trial trips, you invite one person, or even two persons, to enter your cruiser yacht lying gracefully on the water, to the open-mouthed astonishment of the sceptical wags who have come to witness the subversion of your dreams—and your yacht. The cost is:—

Wood	8s. 4d.
17 feet (about) of canvas, and sundries	8s. 4d.
Paint and oil	8s. 4d.
Total	25s. 0d."

The craft will carry three.

Making the Most of a Holiday.

As a rule the more dissimilar your surroundings, from the ordinary environment, the more your holiday will refresh and reinvigorate you. So the dweller in quiet, rustic scenes best acquires renovation by resort to the bustle and hurry-skurry of London. *Vice versâ*, the citizen of populous towns most wisely seeks health—not in rural isolation, which would bore him to death—but in such places as Scotland or Switzerland, or the Lakes, where there is pleasant occupation of one kind or another, combined with a total alteration of the daily habits and surroundings.—Dr. Herbert Snow, M.D., in the *Gentlewoman*.

MILLIONS MADE IN A DAY.

New York has gone money-mad. Since Jay Gould's exploits in railway finance twenty-five years ago there has been no boom such as that which sent not only the Stock Exchange but the entire city crazy last week.

The rapidity with which fortunes were made, and men jumped at a bound from penury to undreamt-of affluence was shown by the scenes in the hotels, restaurants, and theatres up town. Men who never drank anything dearer than lager beer, and not much of that, were ordering the finest brands of champagne and smoking cigars at five shillings each.

Every one wanted to be in the boom, and even the wariest old tradesmen, who never risked a cent in anything which did not produce a tangible equivalent, began to buy. The craze spread to small office boys, who mortgaged their month's salary of five or six pounds and then pooled to take risks in stock. Girl typists in brokers' offices who transact confidential business for their employers advised their parents and sweethearts what to buy, and risked all their savings themselves.

One of the gayest of the revellers was an Irishman named Muldoon, who came over in the steerage from Tipperary about five years ago, and has been employed as a porter in the Harriman offices ever since.

He has now made a fortune, and says he will go back to Ireland and buy the farm from which his father was evicted. Meanwhile, he celebrated the occasion by buying up all the boxes at Weber and Field's music-hall and filling them with the Caseys and the Mulligans and the O'Dohertys, and all those who left Tipperary to become American citizens. The proudest guest he had was the charwoman at his offices, who entrusted him with her savings—£15 4s.—to buy stock, and is now worth over £100.

P.I.P. FARMER AND GARDENER.

Keep Your Old Hens.

On such a topic as this, which negatives all previous opinions, one has to be very strong and very sure. I am saying at the offstart that I keep some of my old hens for profitable purposes until they are hoary with old age. There is not an ounce of silly sentiment on my premises, although there is much that is amusing as well as interesting. I find that old hens are most reliable as sitters and brooders for the more delicate and tedious young things, such as pheasants, partridges, and turkeys. I much prefer them to incubators and artificial rearers, useful as those appliances are in their way. My old hens will sit as many as three clutches right off; that is, for ten or eleven weeks. They will then stay with their latest clutch until the birds are as big or bigger than themselves. My favourite old hen, Peckx, is six years old. She is a healthy and vigorous bird still. She lays regularly. Since February 19th to end of May last she laid seventy-five eggs without a rest. That is from one full-stocked oviary. There may be readers who will doubt the accuracy of this. My record-book proves it, and I shall be pleased to lay it before the Editor of the P.I.P. for verification. Peckx is of the true gamekeepers' game breed. Few people seem to know of this grand old sort. The craze for novelties has put out several of our most useful old breeds of poultry. The Scotch Grey, the Lancashire Mooney, the Chittepratte, Red Cap, Old Red Dorking, and the Pile Game—no one seems to care much for those once much valued breeds now. If I can ever boom this favourite old breed I mean to do so. It crosses well, and it leaves a pronounced stamp on any breed. I have now an eighteen-months-old rooster mated with some four-year-old hens of a cross between the Gamekeepers' Game and Golden Wyandotte. One of these cross-bred hens has a record this year—December to June 12th—of 118, with a rest of fourteen days in February. She and others of this special kept-back lot will come in to hatch and rear my latest clutches of young turkeys. They will not lay again this year. They will not moult early, but they will sit and brood as long as I please. There is novelty about fowls that are so reliable as those. One cannot get it with young hens. One can handle these any time, night or day. One can even change their broods. I do that, in fact, very often. Two years ago Peckx was brooding pheasants, partridges, and an orphan rabbit at one and the same time.

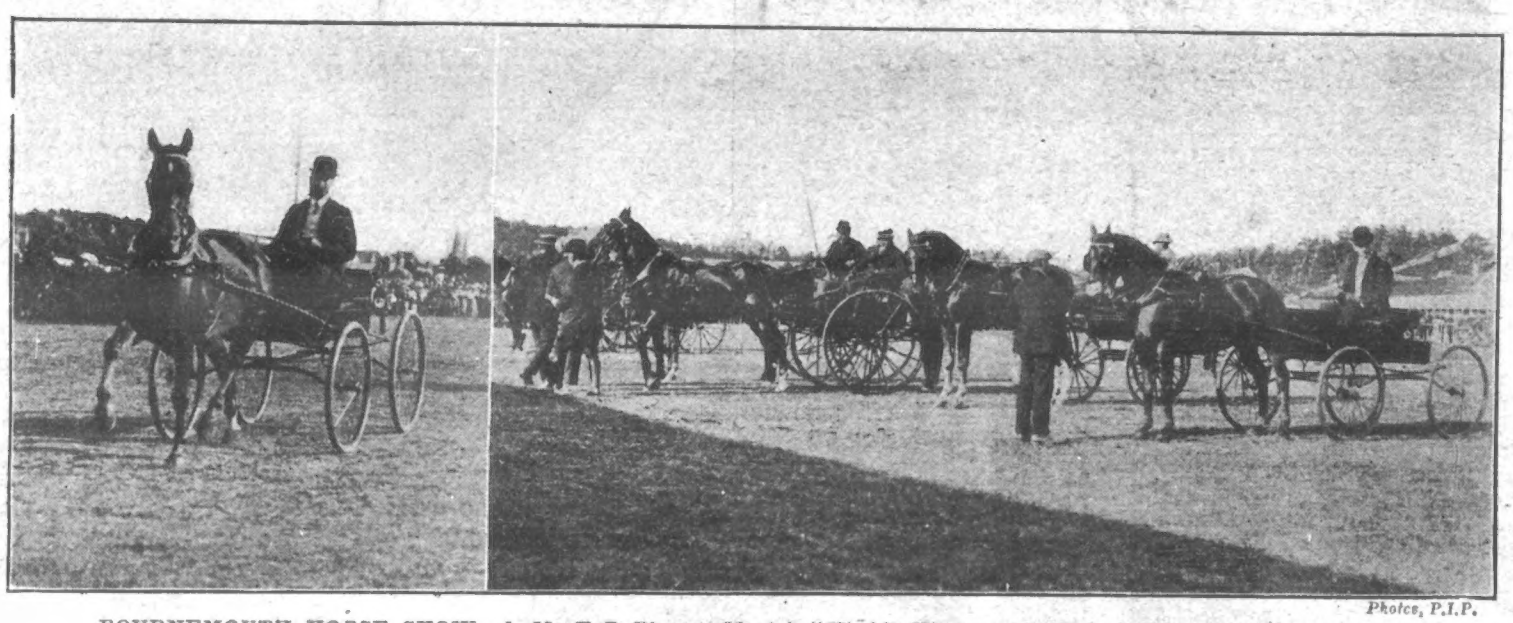
It is, as I remarked some weeks ago, advisable that one should know the idiosyncrasies of all one's birds; that is, if one wishes to get the best possible results from them. For instance, the rooster and the hen with the record of 118 have a unique association. They fancy that they are really husband and wife. Robin regularly escorts his wife to the nest. He coaxes and croodles and cluck-clucks till he entices her to follow. Then he sits down and warms the nest-egg for her, and when she goes on he sits beside her and encourages her to lay a nice egg. He does not act thus to the others of his harem, although he treats them all kindly. My old Darby and I spend many a half-hour watching these proceedings.

Photo, Russell, Southsea.

Sir Allan Mackenzie, of Glenmuick, who has just died. He was to have entertained the King in Scotland this year.

Poisonous Mushrooms.

It may be a query to the scientists as to whether the agarics are or are not poisonous at times and safe at others. Like Tam, I sometimes "hae ma doots." I had a personal experience once that said as much. Still, I never pass by when I come upon a fairy ring or a spread of the white caps, and I know no one who would. It is not the town-bred innocent only who gets hold of wrong 'uns.' The rural labourer is quite as liable if he takes them from anywhere. The true agaric is easy to recognise. It affords several tests of its genuineness so clearly that none need mistake it. It is, when growing from the turf, always of a milky white colour on the outside. Underneath the gills, as we call the fleshy, radiating blades placed edgewise, are of a healthy colour of a blend between brown and pink. The colour of salted lean beef would perhaps most nearly compare. The gills are not in straight and formal blades like those of all the dangerous fungi. They are slightly wavy and irregular. A very noticeable feature is that where the gills converge around the stalk there is a clear space between. The skin or cap of white will peel off readily in long strips. The stalk offers another safe guide. It has a bulge just above ground, and it tapers somewhat to a smaller point where it joins the cap. The fringe adhering to the stalk is also a proof of the genuine agaric. We find two that are quite distinct in their habit of growth on most of the English pastures. The fairy ring agaric, as its name implies, grows in circles varying from 9 to 12 feet in diameter. The more common mushroom comes up more or less in patches or clusters. There is a logical conclusion that both these fungi have the same origin, and it is almost certain that the ammonia or whatever inorganic element their mycelium originates from is deposited by horses and cattle. The distinction noticed above in the habit of growth in the two varieties depends on the strength of the mycelium to spread itself. There is little room for doubt that the mycelium spreads away from its base in radiating lines if it starts away strongly and the earth remains warm and dry during the autumn. In the following summer the heat of the sun again starts the resting spores into active life, and the first heavy rain brings up the fairy-ring mushrooms. On the other hand, mycelium may start in the early summer and be brought to a mushroom-producing stage before it has spread far. That is caused by the rain soaking and cooling the earth thoroughly soon after the sun's heat has warmed it.



Photos, P.I.P.

BOURNEMOUTH HORSE SHOW: 1. Mr. F. B. Blossett Maule's "Nimble Ninepence," winner of the single harness class. 2. Judging the single harness class.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

FRENCH MUNICIPAL COUNCILLORS IN LONDON, photographed outside Colonel Bevingdon's factory in Bermondsey.

The Editor to His Friends.

This is "record-breaking week," and I hope you are going to help. I will tell you all about it presently.

Meanwhile, I am much agitated in my mind concerning the attempt which President Roosevelt has made to "hustle" the English language. Keen as I am to welcome anything in the nature of reform, I cannot bring myself to believe that the President's present efforts fill that "long-felt want" which, according to the advertisements one sees, is so often provided for.

In this case I think that Mr. Roosevelt has overshot the mark. We are most of us quite content to do our spelling in the old way. I do not yearn to write anything so atrocious as "blusht," "carest," "kist," "winkt"—all words which occur in the first list of 300 reformed words issued by the President for use in official documents in the United States. If I had any need to refer to such frivolous matters, I should at any rate spell them properly.

Here are a few more of the appalling new words which Mr. Roosevelt would thrust upon us:

Blusht	Discust	Rapt
Carest	Droopt	Tho
Chapt	Fantom	Thoroly
Clapt	Heapt	Thru
Clipt	Husht	Thruout
Confest	Kist	Washt
Coquet	Lasht	Whipt
Cropt	Lookt	Winkt
Crost	Maneuver	Wisht.

This is rekord braking week. Rewsifelt has brokn a few in his tym.

I have already referred, on the first page of this issue, to the efforts I have made to produce, not only a very special holiday and seaside number of the paper, but to give you for one penny, what is, in almost every way, the equivalent of a sixpenny illustrated paper. I hope you will be able to say that I have succeeded. I think you will.

But I do not want you to let it stop at that. I am pleased if you think my holiday number is a record one, but I want you to do something more than merely *think* it. Please remember that it has not been a holiday number for me. I have been working very hard at it.

Photo, Yardley.

THE "HERO OF GORLESTON."—Mr. William Adams, who has saved 77 lives from drowning.

Therefore, if you consider that this issue of the *Penny Illustrated Paper* is all I claim for it, will you tell your friends so? Will you lend them your copy of the paper, urge them to buy one for themselves, get an extra copy for a friend or relation who you think would be interested in it?

Remember that the success of any paper depends very largely on the loyalty and enthusiasm of its public. The more people you induce to become regular subscribers the better paper it will be. Thanks to the good-will of its readers, the *Penny Illustrated Paper* has made such strides that it stands practically unique in the field of illustrated journalism. Will you help to make fresh records?

It would be an easy thing to do, if every reader did his best. If each of you get only *one* fresh subscriber this week, we *double our circulation*. Think what that means. Can you do it for me? Please try.

VALENTIA STEER.

THE GREAT PLOT.

- BY -

WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

CHAPTER XXX.

"You Dare not Tell the Truth!"

"I have loved you, darling, ever since I first was introduced to you, on the day of poor Nella's wedding," he went on, when they had together stopped to rest upon a convenient seat at the extreme end of the long paved walk. "But I confess to you that I had another tie, just as you had. Those ties are broken on the part of both of us—and we are free, free to love each other."

"Ah! Hubert," she said in a low voice, looking straight into his eyes, "I am glad indeed that it is so. If I were to make confession, mine would be similar to yours. On that day when you bowed and pressed my hand, and afterwards we sat together in Castor Church to witness that marriage ceremony, I felt somehow that my destiny had been marked out—that you, and not Guy Wingate, were my lover. Yes; I confess it just as freely as you have done. There should be no secrets whatever between us if there is to be true and perfect love."

"There shall be no secrets, dearest," he responded frankly. "All the story of my life shall be open to you. I will tell you it all some day, and you will be very astonished. Few men have had such a strange career, and few men have been so entirely the victims of circumstance as I have been. We love each other, and for the present that is all-sufficient. Let us be happy in each other's love and wrapt in each other's secret. For the present we need not let your parents know, for, poor things, the death of poor Ethel is too recent. Besides," he added, "I have an object in postponing my necessary explanation to your father on account of my crippled finances. Soon, I hope, they will be again in their normal condition, and then I shall be able to ask the Squire's consent to our union."

"Let it be just as you wish, Hubert," she said, with all the adulation of her new-found love. He had ever been her hero, this man who knew the world so well, and in that moment hers was a delirium of ecstasy. They were secretly engaged.

Grace Fairbairn had not been a false prophetess, after all.

What need it concern the reader to know all the passionate love speeches that passed between the pair while the twilight darkened into gloom and the soft soughing of the waves at their feet increased with the night wind to that wide swish that is so regular and so soothing?

Far on the horizon before them the warning rays of the light-ship flashed out with clockwork regularity and became hidden again, and once the distant syren of the Dieppe packet from Newhaven came across to them from far over the darkening waters.

They heeded not time, for they had much to tell each other, though they had been in each other's company every day for the past month. But it is ever so. Love always gives rise to great volubility, and the lightest gossip is of weight to him who loves with his whole heart.

She allowed him to kiss her upon the lips for the first time, and then she in return gave him her first hot, passionate caress. He knew he had won the best and truest girl it had ever been his lot to meet.

Sylvia was at last his, and his cup of happiness was filled.

One demand of hers, made after they had sat there together in all the ecstasy of their new-born affection, nonplussed him and caused him to start visibly, although in the dusk she did not notice it.

"Now that we are engaged, Hubert," she said, not without visible hesitation, "will you permit me to ask you one question? You have

Continued on Page 141.

Photo, Topical.

KING EDWARD'S PET DOG: When His Majesty travels, his pet dog is taken to the station about half-an-hour in advance, and sits in state on an arm-chair in the saloon until the arrival of his Royal master.

This Bandsman says:

"I am writing to you to give you a testimonial to the value of the famous Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa. I have had some very heavy work to do lately, and before it was half finished I used to get so tired and languid that I did not know what to do with myself. I took a lot of medicine, but that did me no good. A friend recommended me to try some Vi-Cocoa, which I did, and in a few days I was much better, and now, after taking two packets, I can do a hard day's work without feeling tired a bit. You are at liberty to use this testimonial, and I should like you to use it so that other men in the service would see my poor testimony and give Vi-Cocoa a trial."

Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa can be obtained from all Grocers and Stores in 6d. packets, and 9d. and 1s. 6d. tins, or from 60 Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

Dainty Sample Free. A postcard will do.

DR TIBBLES' Vi-Cocoa

OVER-EATING.

There's a growing tendency to spend more money on meals—to eat more at a time, and to eat with greater frequency.

Meals are important—very, but that's no reason why eating should be made an *occupation*. Over-eating, like every other form of self-indulgence, carries its own penalty—that of weakened will-power and consequent physical and mental inefficiency.

Foods which satisfy the natural healthy appetite should be chosen in preference to those which simply load the stomach and over-tax the digestion.

Many easily-obtainable foods possess this "much in little" quality.

There is, for instance, the ordinary dried currant, so recently and warmly recommended by the King's physician.

Currants are nearly all nutriment, and are unsurpassed as a body-builder by any other food—not excepting even beef and mutton.

AGENTS WANTED.

On receipt of your name and address we will send you **free on approval** 24 of our untarnishable **Real Aluminium** Thimbles without any further conditions. They are prettily embossed with the inscriptions, **Forget Me Not, Remember Me,** etc., and being lighter and tougher than silver are much more comfortable for wear.

A RARE CHANCE.

Sell the Thimbles at 2d. each and forward us the cash, and we promise to send you at once a guaranteed **Lever Timekeeper,** or other present which you may select from the list we forward with the goods. Send two stamps for postage and packing to—

THE LEVER WATCH ALLIANCE, Dept. No. 16, **3, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.**

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VALENTINE'S EXTRACT
(WALNUT STAIN)

Changes Grey Hair or Whiskers to Light Brown, Dark Brown or Black

One liquid; a perfect, cleanly, and harmless stain. Acts at once—no smell or stickiness—leaves the hair soft and with a natural gloss. Will not soil the pillow. Warranted free from lead, sulphur, etc., etc. It is washable, nourishing and lasting.

Price (securely packed), 1/-, 2/-, and 5/6 per bottle. Postage, 3d. extra.

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PHOTO POST-CARDS.

"THE SKETCH" FINE ART SERIES. No. 1, containing

REVERIE. *After Jan Van Beers.*
ROSALBA. *After H. Robinson.*
SWEET CAPTIVITY. *After D. Downing.*
MEDITATION. *After W. A. Breakspeare*
WOODLAND FAVOURITES and
WOODLAND ECHOES. *After A. Allson.*

"THE SKETCH" FINE ART SERIES, No. 2, containing

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THE CAPTIVE. *Photo by James Clark.*
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"WILL YOU TAKE A WALK WITH ME?" *After F. Haviland.*

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"THE SKETCH" P.P.C. DEPARTMENT
172 Strand, London, W.C.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Autumn Tints.

TWEEDS and serges for early autumn wear are already making their appearance in the shop windows; the favourite colours seem to be a warm tint of brown, dull olive green, and a rich shade of purple. The ever-popular blue serge is again to the fore, and looks very smart with strappings and pipings of black silk, which combination is an old fashion revived, that from its very utility could not be allowed to remain in abeyance long. Pleated skirts are dividing favour with plain gored skirts, and the new models have an inclination to fit tightly on the hips, an inclination which will become more marked as the season advances.

The New Waist Line.

A ROUND waist line is certainly the one preferred just now. The deep pointed ceinture has been losing favour for some time past. It was fashioned on lines which required the figure to be built up very much, and it was inevitable after the first charm of novelty had departed that there should be a reaction in favour of a more natural style. Still, the round waist line, in order to be really graceful, should rise slightly at the back; a dip under no circumstances is permissible.

Autumn Headgear.

THE shapes in autumn headgear are many and varied. The most popular in felt appears to be the high crown, simply trimmed with ribbon quills or a bunch of coque feathers. Velvet in shades of golden brown, with the brim tilted high on the left side and ornamented with waving plumes, also finds a place among some of the smartest models for coming wear.

Buttons as Trimmings.

BUTTONS afford a great deal of scope in the way of trimming. Old buttons may be covered with velvet, silk, or materal, and thus, at very small cost a smart decoration is obtained. Small fancy buttons may be tastefully grouped to form a very pretty trimming. When throwing aside any garment it is always advisable to examine it first and to cut off any buttons, buckles, or other ornamentation likely to prove useful again. A discarded dress very often boasts something handsome and expensive in this direction, and if it is not advisable to mutilate the dress, since it may be required for charitable purposes, it is very often quite worth while to subtitute something cheaper for the original trimming. Millinery particularly often contains handsome ornaments which well repay any little trouble in removing or exchanging.

Photos, London Electrotype Agency.

THE LATEST PARIS FASHIONS: A very smart walking costume and a handsome white embroidered ball dress.

A word about Sleeves.

SLEEVES have hardly become as voluminous as at one time they promised—or threatened—to be. There is no doubt that a sleeve of moderate dimensions is infinitely more becoming than one of too ample proportions. Exaggeration in all things, particularly in matters of dress, is to be avoided, and the woman who likes to keep within the bounds of good taste cannot fail to be pleased with the sleeves of the moment, which, however varied in style, are yet all modelled on distinctly practical lines. The cape sleeve, made with one, two, or three tiers, will be much seen on promenade costumes for the next month or two. It is eminently adapted for tendency to trim autumn costumes with buttons of various descriptions. Sleeves which are pleated in at the wrist have the folds buttoned down, while short sleeves are finished off at the elbow with a cuff which buttons over. Exaggeration in all things, particularly in matters of dress, is to be avoided, and the woman who likes to keep within the bounds of good taste cannot fail to be pleased with the plain face cloth, light tweeds, and such materials as are suitable for the tailor-made gown. Sometimes these sleevelets are slit up the centre to fall back at each side, and when outlined with braid or trimming the effect is very smart. An epaulette on the shoulder is another form of decoration which looks specially pretty edged with a tiny frill, where it extends over the sleeve. Sometimes these epaulettes are further ornamented with fancy buttons. In fact, there is a decided

How to Treat your Husband.

MANY wives' idea of making their husbands happy is to wear themselves out with doing things which are of little or no importance; and worse still, to worry about these same trifles, so that there is no peace in the house.

Housework is a mighty Juggernaut which crushes thousands of women beneath its wheels, and though they would sooner die than admit it, the husband who provides and maintains the house is nothing in comparison with the household effects it contains.

I wonder why women would rather spend time on cleaning a brass fender than thinking how they could cheer and refresh the tired man who has been hard at work since early morning, and who sometimes looks in vain for the loving word, the ready sympathy, and the never-failing consideration which would achieve wonders.

Happy Children.

Do not try to keep children continually occupied. Occasionally the little ones will come to you for ideas, but as a rule they will make their own amusements. Children require plenty of change and rest, and if left alone when tired of one thing, they will either drop to sleep or find some new occupation.

Parents often make the mistake of occupying all the child's time, but this is not only wearying for the little one, but is distinctly unfair; a child cannot be expected to fill up every moment as a grown person would do.

Let the children romp and play as long as possible, and when it is necessary for them to begin study, or even to take up certain duties, still recognise the play-time, and see that the boy or girl has as much recreation as possible.

We want the young people to be light hearted, and it is a duty we owe them to bring as much fun as possible into their lives. They will work ever so much better if the work-time be interspersed with play.

Some Men's Thoughts About Women.

A MAN never so beautifully shows his own strength as when he respects a woman's weakness. — DOUGLAS JERROLD.

They govern the world, these sweet-voiced women, because beauty and harmony are the index of a larger fact than wisdom.—O. W. HOLMES.

The best thing I know of is a fust-rate wife. And the next best thing is a second-rate one.—JOSH BILLINGS.

All women are good—good for something or good for nothing.—CERVANTES.

Unhappy is the man to whom his own mother has not made all other mothers venerable.—RICHTER.

A beautiful woman is the only tyrant man is not authorised to resist.—VICTOR HUGO.

A good book and a good woman are excellent things for those who know how to appreciate their value. There are men, however, who judge of both by the beauty of the covering.—DR. JOHNSON.

What is woman? Only one of Natures agreeable blunders.—BULWER.

Photo, P.I.P.

AN EXCITING DONGOLA RACE: Won by Mr. P. M. Patton's crew at the Wargrave Regatta.

THE JOURNAL OF ARTHUR STIRLING.

By Upton Sinclair.

Author of "THE JUNGLE" and "KING MIDAS."

In this vivid human document Mr. Sinclair (under the disguise of Arthur Stirling) tells his own life story. His desperate struggles for a bare existence, buoyed up by his confidence in the success of the book upon which he is engaged, his alternating hope and despair when he is endeavouring to find a publisher, make a story of such dramatic interest that you who read it will live the author's life, and enter into his own thoughts and feelings with vivid reality.

READER:

I do not know if "The Valley of the Shadow" means to you what it means to me; I do not know if it means anything at all to you. But I have sought long and far for these words, to utter an all but unutterable thought.

When you walk in the forest you do not count the lives that you tread into nothingness. When you rejoice with the springtime you do not hear the cries of the young things that are choked and beaten down and dying. When you watch the wild thing in your snare you do not know the meaning of the torn limbs, and the throbbing heart, and the awful silence of the creature trapped. When you go where the poor live, and see thin faces and hungry eyes and crouching limbs, you do not think of these things either.

But I, reader—I dwell in the Valley of the Shadow.

Sometimes it is silent in my Valley, and the creatures sit in terror of their own voices; sometimes there are screams that pierce the sky; but there is never any answer in my Valley. There are quivering hands there, and racked limbs, and aching hearts, and panting souls. There is gasping struggle, glaring failure—maniac despair. For over my Valley rolls *The Shadow*, a giant thing, moving with the weight of mountains. And you stare at it, you feel it, you scream, you pray, you weep; you hold up your hands to your God, you grow mad; but the Shadow moves like Time, like the sun, and the planets in the sky. It rolls over you, and it rolls on; and then you cry out no more.

It is that way in my Valley: The Shadow is the Shadow of Death.

PART I.

Writing a Poem.

THE book! The book! This day, Saturday, April 6, 1901, I begin the book!

I have never kept a journal—I have been too busy living; but to-day I begin a journal. I am so built that I can do but one thing at a time. Now that I have begun The Captive, I must be haunted with it all day; when I am not writing it I must be dreaming it, or restless because I am not. Therefore it occurred to me that in the hours of weariness I would write about it what was in my mind—what fears and what hopes; why and how I write it will be a story in itself, and some day I think it will be read.

Yesterday I was a cable-car conductor, and to-day I am a poet!

To-day I begin the book!

April 10.

I have been for four days in a kind of frenzy. I have come down like a collapsed balloon, and I think I have had enough for once.

I have written the opening scene, but not finally; and then I got into the middle—I could not help it. How in God's name I am ever to do this fearful thing, I don't know; it frightens me, and sometimes I lose all heart.

It was like the bursting of an over-strained dam, these last four days. How long I have been pent up—eighteen months! And eighteen months seems like a lifetime to me. Sometimes it has been more than I could bear; and when the time was near, I was so wild that I was sick. The book! The book! Freedom and the book!

And last Saturday I went out of the hell-house where I have been pent so long, and I covered my face with my hands and fled away home—away to the little corner that is mine. There I flung myself down and sobbed like a child. It was relief—it was joy—it was fear! Then I got up—and the world seemed to go behind me, and I was drunk. I heard a voice calling—it thundered in my ears—that I was free—that my hour was come—that I might live—that I might live—live! And I could have shouted it—I know that I laughed it aloud. Every time I thought the thought it was like the throbbing of wings to me—"Free! Free!"

No one can understand this—no one who has not a demon in his soul. No one who does not know how I have been choked—what horrors I have borne.

April 19.

I saw my soul to-day. It was a bubble, blown large, palpitating, whirling over a stormy sea; glorious with the rainbow hues it was, but perilous, abandoned. Do you catch the *feeling* of my soul?

Something perilous—I do not much care what. A traveller scaling the mountains, leaping upon dizzy heights; a gambler staking his fortune, his freedom, his life—upon a cast!

I will tell you about it.

It began when I was fifteen. My great-uncle, my guardian, is a wholesale grocer in Chicago; he has a large palace and a large waistcoat.

"Will you be a wholesale grocer?" said he.

"No," said I "I will not."

I might have been a partner by this time, had I said yes, and had a palace and a large waistcoat, too.

"Then what will you be?" asked the great-uncle.

"I will be a poet;" said I.

"You mean you will be a loafer?" said he.

"Yes," said I, disliking argument—"I will be a loafer."

And so I went away, and while I went I was thinking, far down in my soul. And I said: "It must be everything or nothing; either I am a poet or I am not. I will act as if I were; I will burn my bridges behind me. If I am, I will win—for you cannot kill a poet; and if I am not, I will die."

Now I have come to the last stage of the journey—the "one fight more, and the last." And can I give any idea of what is back of me, to nerve me to that fight? I will try to tell you.

For seven years I have borne poverty and meanness, sickness, heat, cold, toil—that I might make myself an artist. The indignities, the degradations—I could not tell them, if I spent all the time I have in writing a journal. I have lived in garrets—among dirty people—vulgar people—vile people; I have worn rags and unclean things; I have lived upon bread and water and things that I have cooked myself; I have seen my time and my strength wasted by a thousand hateful impertinences—I have been driven half mad with pain and rage; I have gone without friends—I have been hated by everyone; I have worked at all kinds of vile drudgery—or starved myself sick that I might avoid working.

But I have said: "I will be an artist!"

Day and night I have dreamt it; day and night I have fought for it. I have plotted and planned—I have plotted to save a minute. I have done menial work that I might have my brain free—all the languages that I know I have worked at at such times. I have calculated the cost of foods—I have lived on a third of the pittance I earned, that I might save two-thirds of my time. I once washed dishes in a filthy restaurant because that took only two or three hours a day.

I have said: "I will be an artist! I will fix my eyes upon the goal; I will watch and wait, and fight the fight day by day. And when at last I am strong, and when my message is ripe, I will earn myself a free chance, and then I will write a book. All the yearning, all the agony of this my life I will put into it; every hour of trial, every burst of rage. I will make it the hope of my life, I will write it with my blood—give every ounce of strength that I have and every dollar that I own; and I will win—I will win!

April 25.

Would you like to know where I am, and how I am doing all these things? I am in a lodging-house. I have one of three hall rooms in a kind of top half-storey. There is room for me to take four steps; so it is that I "walk up and down" when I am excited. I have tried—I have not kept count of how many places—and this is the quietest. The landlady's husband has a carpenter's shop downstairs, but he is always drunk and doesn't work; it has also been providentially arranged that the daughter, who sings, is sick for some time. Next door to me there is a man who plays the 'cello in a dance hall until I know not what hour of the night. He keeps his 'cello at the dance hall. I get up—I never know the time in the morning; and sometimes I lie without moving for hours—thinking—thinking. Or sometimes I go out and roam around the streets; or sit perfectly motionless, gazing at the wall. When it will not come, I make it. I breakfast on bread and milk, and I eat bread and milk at all hours of the day when I am hungry. For dinner I cook a piece of meat on a little oil-stove, and for supper I eat bread and milk. The rest of the time I am sitting on the floor by the window, writing; or perhaps kneeling by the bed with my head buried in my arms, and thinking until the room reels.

I have just forty dollars now. It costs me three dollars a week, not including paper and typewriting. Thus I have ten or twelve weeks in which to finish The Captive—that many and no more.

There are ten characters in The Captive, a tyrant, two slaves, six guests, and a man. There are two scenes—a dungeon and a banquet-hall.

April 30.

It is weak of me, but sometimes I cannot help but look ahead—and think that it is done! I could not find any words to tell the joy that will be to me—to be free, after so long—to be free!

I do not care anything about the fame—it would not be anything to me to be a great author. If it could be done, nothing would please me better than to publish it anonymously—to let no one ever know that it was mine. If I could only have the little that I need to be free, I would publish all that I might ever write anonymously.

I finished the first act just now.

Oh, it is funny—yes, funny! Let us laugh at it. The dance-hall musician has brought home his 'cello! I heard him come bumping up the stairs with it—curse him! And there he sits, sawing away at some loathsome jig tunes!

Here I sit, like a wild beast pent in a cage. I tell you I can bear any work in the world, but I cannot bear things such as this. That I, who am seeking a new faith for men—who am writing, or trying to write, what will mean new life to millions—should have my soul ripped into pieces by such loathsome, insulting indignities!

It is pouring rain outside, and my overcoat is thin; but I must go out and pace the streets and wait until a filthy Dutchman gets through scraping ragtime on a 'cello.

All day wasted! All day! Does it not seem that these things persecute you by system? I came in, cold and wet, and got into bed, and then he began again! And I had to get up and put on the wet clothes once more.

May 2.

I was crouching out on one of the docks last night. I had no place else to go. I can think anywhere, if it is quiet. Oh, I hunger for the desert!

May 11.

I said to myself the day before yesterday—with a kind of dry sob—"I can't do it! I can't do it!"

Oh, how tormented I am by noises—noises! What am I not tormented by? Some days ago I was writing in a frenzy—and the landlady came for her rent. And the horrible creature standing there, talking at me! "So lonely!—don't ever see people! Mrs. Smithers was a-saying——" Oh, curse Mrs. Smithers!

I thought I could never do it—I was really about to give it up. I went out on the street—I roamed about for hours, talking I don't know what nonsense to myself. And then at last I came home, and I knelt down there at the bedside and said: "Here you stay without anything to eat until you've written ten lines of that poem!"

And that was how I did it. I stayed there, and I prayed. I don't often pray, but that time I prayed like one possessed—I was so lonely and so helpless—and the work was so beautiful. I stayed there for nine blessed hours, and then the clock stopped and I couldn't count after that.

But the day came, and then the ten lines!

May 14.

Another day of raw torture. It is like toiling up a mountain side; and your limbs are of lead. It is like struggling in a nightmare—that is just what it is like. It is sickening.

But then you dare not stop. It is hard to go on, but it is ten times as hard to start if you stop.

May 25.

Line by line, page by page, I do it. I am counting the days now, wondering—longing.

It is not merely the writing of it, it is the seeing of it—the planning and designing. Sometimes I brood over it for hours—I cannot find what I want; and then suddenly a phrase flashes over me and like a train of gunpowder my thought goes running on—leaping, flying; and then the whole thing is plain as day.

May 29.

I am coming to the last scenes. I hear them rumbling in my soul—far, far off—like a distant surf on a windless night.

I am coming, step by step; I mean to fight it out on this line.

June 3.

From the time that I began The Captive it has been almost two months; it is just six weeks from the day I wrote that I had ten or twelve weeks in which to finish.

And I am coming on! I have been counting the scenes—I am really within sight of the end. Nothing can stop me now.

June 4.

I am sitting down by the window and first I kick my heels against my old trunk, and then I write this. I heard them come up for his trunk just now and they've dragged it downstairs, and I hear the landlady fuming because they are tearing the wall paper. I have never loved the sound of the landlady's voice before.

June 5.

Deep in my soul I was convinced that the room would be let to something worse. But now it appears that the landlady's sister is to occupy it.

—So now I will get to work!

June 6.

I have plenty of time to write journals if I feel like it. There is the sister, and there is the landlady, and there is another woman, and they have been jabbering about dresses all the morning. I have been like a crazy man—I was all on fire this morning, too! O God, it is too cruel! Here I am—with all my load of woe—at this fearful crisis! And I am to be shattered and wrecked and ruined by *this!* Just as long as they choose to sit there just so long I am helpless. Was it for this that I have borne all the pain?

Of course this thing could not go on. And so, of course—stammering and writhing, as I always do when I have my nose pushed into this kind of filth—I had to speak to the landlady about it to-night.

And, of course, the landlady was astonished. "Why, Mr Stirling, can't a body talk in a body's own room?" Yes, a body can talk, but then other bodies have to move away.

Now she's going to speak to her sister about it. And here I sit, writhing and trembling. Oh, my God, suppose I have to move!

June 7.

And now it is all settled. A body has to talk in a body's own room, and a body's nose has to turn up with indignation as a body announces the fact. And so here I sit, waiting for the express man to come for my trunk. I do not know where I am going; but I will walk and get somewhere—there will be woods. I'll sleep in hayricks if it can't be managed any other way:

Away, away from men and towns,
To the wildwood and the downs!

June 8.

I have been walking all day. I must find some place to stop very soon. I cannot think of the country with this burden on me. I am like a sick animal—I seek a hiding-place. I fancied I might think of my work on the way, but I cannot. The world is happy; my work is not happy.

My hope is all in the end of the journey, and the walking is drudgery. And then, my money is going! I must find some sort of a hut—a tumble-down house, an old barn—anything.

I shall trudge one more day's journey. Then I think I shall be far enough from New York.

June 9.

I have walked another day. I am beginning to get away from the suburban towns, and into the real country. I knew that it would cost me a good deal to go to a hotel last night, and it was warm, so I slept in a haystack.

June 10.

I began inquiring to-day—a shanty, a barn, anything. Everyone thinks it necessary to be very much puzzled about what I want it for. My clothes are still fairly respectable, and so they tell me about pretty summer cottages—only so much per month!

June 12.

I have been tramping on and on for two more days. I do not believe I shall ever find what I want. Nothing but one old musty place in ruins, so far! And my money is going, and I am wild with anxiety! I am almost tempted to turn back to the ruin.

June 13.

I am sitting in a room in a dirty hotel. It was raining to-day and I had to come here. I shall probably have to pay fifty cents too. I won't stay to breakfast.

Oh, what will I do if my money gives out? I saw a cottage to-day, that a man said I could have for ten dollars a month. I was tempted to spend nearly all I had and take it, and live on bread and water. I am desperate.

The continuation of this vividly told and intensely moving chapter from real life will be found in the September number of *The Novel Magazine*, on sale on the first of the month. All those who have read the foregoing extract from it should get a copy of the magazine now. Price fourpence everywhere.

FACTS ABOUT YOUR SKIN

There are few things which are so dreaded and disliked as any form of skin trouble, and it must also be remembered that it is comparatively easy for the skin to become unhealthy. Every inch of the skin has upon it a large number of pores, and if, owing to any cause these become stopped up, the health of the skin will inevitably suffer. Consequently it is very clear that great care ought to be exercised to maintain the health of the skin, for upon this depend its beauty and the due performance of its functions. Those interested are therefore invited to ask themselves—what their looking-glass says as to their skin health. Does it tell a flattering tale, or does it speak of spots, blemishes, roughness, redness, or anything else which detracts from the appearance or comfort?

If your skin is red or rough, has any blemish upon it, or if you suffer from any skin trouble in any part of the body, you want something that will give immediate relief, and make your

Before using "Antexema."

skin clear, pure, and healthy once again. "Antexema" is a scientific remedy, being the discovery of a well-known doctor. It stops irritation at once, removes skin blemishes, and is a sure cure for skin complaints of every kind.

Facts about "Antexema."

"Antexema" cleanses the pores, soothes and softens the skin, and pimples, roughness, blemishes, chafing, and all skin troubles disappear under its magical influence. "Antexema" is an unrivalled cure for eczema, psoriasis, and nettlerash; but it is just as useful for burns, bruises, blisters, insect bites, skin irritation, and gentlemen whose skin is tender find it the very thing to use after shaving. It is not an ointment, but forms an invisible, healing, soothing, non-poisonous protective coating over the tender surface, and a new skin is thus able to grow beneath it. For every purpose for which cold cream and similar preparations are used, "Antexema" is far more valuable, because not only does it cool and soothe, but it heals in a most wonderful way.

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THE GREAT PLOT.

(*Continued from page 139.*)

said that you will have no further secret from me."

"Neither will I," he responded. "What do you wish to know, little one?"

"I want to ask you a question concerning poor Nella's death. Is it not a fact that you know who killed her, but you dare not tell the truth?"

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Lottery of Love.

The question which Sylvia put to her lover was entirely unexpected, and took him utterly aback. But in

Holiday-Land on the Hoardings: Persuasive railway posters by famous artists.

an instant he regained his self-possession, and replied:

"No, dearest. Were I aware of the identity of the assassin I should have spoken at once. Whatever put such a strange idea into your head?"

"I don't know. I have somehow always felt a suspicion that you were aware of who committed the crime."

"I much regret that up to the present I have not yet been able to solve the mystery," he said, still holding her hand in his. "But I am ever working towards that end. Still, for the present let us forget all those terrible circumstances which have so broken up your family and remain content in each other's love."

"I am content," she declared. "But the mystery of it all constantly puzzles me, and——"

She did not conclude her sentence.

"And what?" he inquired softly.

"I must confess to you Hubert, now that you are my lover," she said in a low voice, turning to him earnestly, "I am in deadly fear that I myself may be the next victim."

He started quickly. He had never thought of such a terrible contingency. True, there seemed an evil destiny upon the Milbournes, and she, his love, might be secretly struck down. But he hastened to reassure her, saying:

"Oh, don't anticipate such a thing, dearest. There is no motive for anyone to harm you. Besides, you now have a protector in me."

"But I am always dreading a stab in the dark," she said. "My nerves seem utterly unstrung. I dare not enter a dark room alone, or move about the house at night, for in every corner I suspect a lurking assailant."

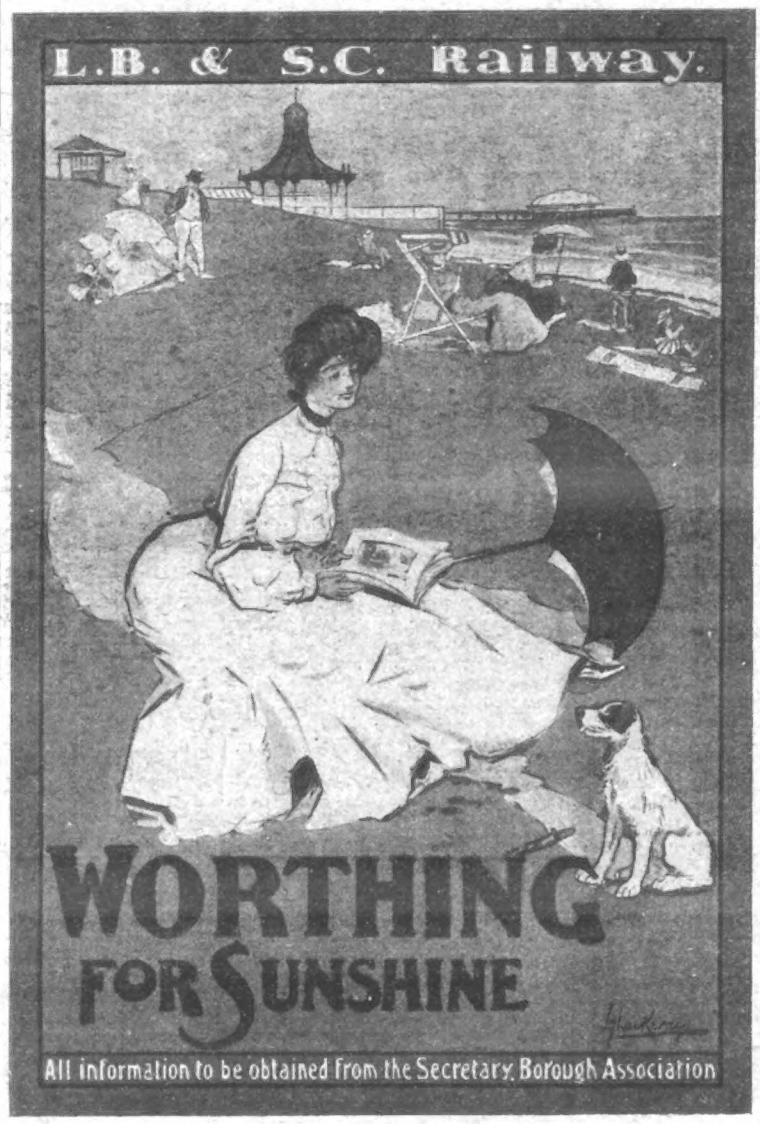
"Ah, that's most natural," he sighed. "But you really have no cause for undue alarm. You will not be touched."

"Why are you so positive?" she asked with quick interest.

"Because, if the motive of the two tragedies is what I strongly suspect it to be, there is no motive why you should be attacked. Indeed, by doing so the assassin would run an unnecessary risk which he would never care to face."

"Then, what do you suspect the motive to be?"

"You must forgive me for having one single secret from you, Sylvia," he said in a deep, earnest voice. "But at present I am unable to tell you. It is not because I desire to conceal anything from you, but because to expose the few facts I have as yet been able to establish as evidence would be to ruin for ever my chances of success. I can, however, tell you this. Because I have dared to attempt to penetrate the veil of mystery which has surrounded the death of both your poor sisters, I have brought upon myself the deadly malice and hatred of those who believed themselves safe from



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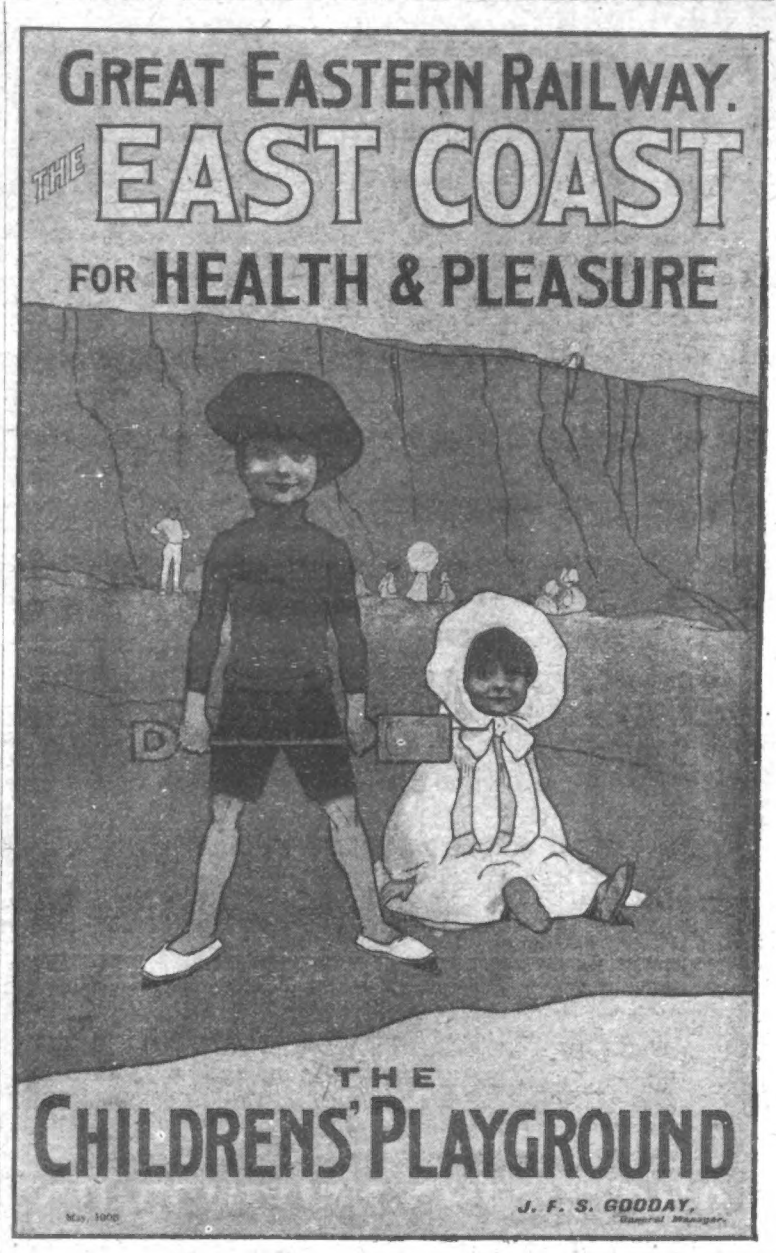

HOLIDAY-LAND ON THE HOARDINGS: Persuasive railway posters by famous artists.

detection. Hence, dearest, I have enemies; fiercely bitter ones. They would strike a secret blow against me and kill me this very night, if they dared. But don't be alarmed for my safety," he added in a more cheerful tone. "They dare not lift a finger against me, as by so doing they must betray themselves."

"Are you sure you are not in danger, Hubert?" she asked, placing her hand upon his arm and looking anxiously into his face. "Are you quite certain?"

"Quite, dearest," he answered. "And I'm equally certain that those responsible for poor Nella's death dare not touch you."

"I wish I could feel the same security as you feel," she sighed. "I have somehow a distinct presentiment that I shall share the same tragic fate."

"No, no," he laughed, drawing her to him and kissing her fondly upon the lips. "Don't anticipate anything so dreadful. Let us try and forget it all."

"Ah, if I only could," she exclaimed sorrowfully.

"It is merely useless to recall the past," he urged. "I am leaving no stone unturned to establish the truth and denounce the assassin. I hope to be successful some day ere long. Until then do not let us discuss that which only fills both our minds with tragic memories and dire misgivings."

"Well," she said, after a pause, "perhaps you are right. I will try and forget."

"That's right," he exclaimed, tightening his grasp upon the hand he held. "You know to-night, Sylvia, how fondly I love you, how that you are the dearest on earth and all the world to me. To think that you exist in hourly dread pains me, and more especially so when there is no necessity for alarm. As I have told you, I have enemies, and they may, and will, probably, endeavour to circumvent my efforts in discovering the key to the enigma which so puzzles all of us. If they do—if by their cunning they endeavour to cast suspicion upon myself—you will stand my friend, will you not?"

"Your friend!" she cried. "You are mine, Hubert. They shall answer to me," she added passionately.

"Thank you, darling," he said, kissing her hand. "I want you to understand that it is just possible I may be compromised—seriously compromised—by the manner in which I have during the past few months made inquiries. But, if I am, I want to feel that I have at least one friend in the woman I so dearly love."

"She is your friend," was her response. "More than that, remember, she is you affianced wife."

"Ah, yes," he cried. "I know that I have found in you, Sylvia, a woman among ten millions; staunch, honest, and true, one of those few whom God has sent into the world to turn erratic men like myself into the path of rectitude. Already, now that you have confessed your love for me, I feel myself rejuvenated and ready to do battle in the world. Before, I had grown careless, nonchalant, indifferent. I had led my life and found that the gorgeous fruits of pleasure were only hollow husks. I was disappointed, broken, utterly world weary; so much so, indeed, that I had more than once contemplated ending my life by my own hand."

(*To be continued.*)

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10	7	7	6	4	6	4 10 0	7 0 0	7 10 0	10 5 0
12	8	8	0	5	0	5 15 0	8 12 6	9 0 0	12 0 0
15	9	8	6	5	0	7 10 0	11 0 0	11 0 0	15 10 0
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25	10	9	0	5	6	13 0 0	18 0 0	20 0 0	27 0 0

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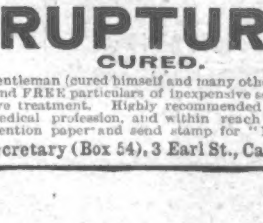

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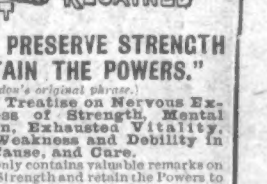

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A Wholesome Restorative for Nervous Debility.

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There is not the least doubt that the exigencies of modern life are producing an ever-growing amount of serious nervous diseases, affecting both sexes of all ages.

We usually connect nervous breakdown with old age, but statistics prove that the most serious cases occur among young people, the cause: "imprudence and recklessness."

The eminent Dr. Wood says: "Nervous exhaustion may, in the beginning, affect the whole of the nervous system, or it may be at first purely local and co-exist with lack of general nervous strength."

Dr. William Erb, of the University of Heidelberg, says: "Nervousness is the growing malady of the age; hysteria, hypochondria, and neurasthenia are increasing with fearful rapidity."

Minds are overburdened, the pleasures of social life follow, over-exciting the already enfeebled nervous system, with the result that the nerve stamina is crippled by exhaustion.

Society, science, business, art, literature, even religion, are all pervaded by a spirit of unrest, and by a competitive zeal which urges its victims on remorselessly.

Nerve force is Nature's most valuable asset in life, and it behoves everyone who enjoys it to guard it carefully against injury either by overwork or indiscretion.

8,000 MEDICAL TESTIMONIALS

Dear Sirs, Belfast, October 16, 1905.
I am pleased to inform you that I have on numerous occasions ordered "Wincarnis" to my patients. I have always found it a most nourishing and stimulating preparation.—Yours sincerely, J. F.

"WINCARNIS with Quinine."

This preparation, which is very bitter, has a large sale, and must not be confounded with "Wincarnis" without Quinine. Wincarnis with Quinine can be obtained of most Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors and Stores, but Wincarnis without Quinine is sold by Licensed Grocers, Licensed Chemists, and Wine Merchants. If you want Wincarnis without Quinine, do not be persuaded to take the Wincarnis with Quinine.

CROWNED WITH SUCCESS.

THE DELICIOUS AND AGREEABLE REMEDY

The remedy for nervous breakdown, according to the evidence of over 8,000 members of the medical profession, is Coleman's "**WINCARNIS**," a restorative of extraordinary excellence.

"**WINCARNIS**" generates the glowing fire of human energy and prevents the vital nerve force from being exhausted by overwork, anxiety, worry, and undue excitement.

"**WINCARNIS**" may be taken as a beverage with permanent benefit, until the renovated organism has attained to its destined degree of perfection by digestive efficiency.

"**WINCARNIS**" sustains Nature when the strain of an arduous life tests the powers of endurance, and supplies the requisite force for the accomplishment of our highest ideals.

"**WINCARNIS**" is prescribed by the medical profession for exhaustion consequent upon a long and painful illness, and quickly restores the convalescent to health and strength.

"**WINCARNIS**" is not only a boon in the sick-room, but is equally beneficial to those who in comparative health need something to keep their strength at the maximum.

"**WINCARNIS**" makes work a pleasure and sleep refreshing, and never fails to rejuvenate the languid, depressed, and morbidly sensitive, whether young or old.

"**WINCARNIS**" is sent gratis for the purpose of a thorough test.

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To obtain "Wincarnis" free of charge, send this Coupon to Coleman's Wincarnis Works, Norwich, with three penny stamps enclosed to pay the cost of carriage. No charge whatever is made for the bottle of meat and malt wine.

SIGN THIS COUPON.

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PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER, Sept. 1, 1906.

NOTE.—Any applicant is entitled to one free sample bottle of "Wincarnis," providing three penny stamps are sent in with this coupon. The stamps pay the cost of carriage, but no charge whatever is made for the bottle of wine. Address to Coleman & Co., Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich, marking envelope "Coupon."

COLEMAN & CO., Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

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